



# SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## The Front Page

Will San Francisco rebuild greater than ever? Those who answer this question in the affirmative point to the fact that Chicago after being laid waste by fire arose greater than ever, and when you remind them that the cases are not parallel, because an earthquake caused the present disaster, they reply that San Francisco was built with the knowledge on the part of her people that seismic disturbances were likely to occur, because they have occurred at intervals all through her history. Those who express the belief that San Francisco will arise greater than before tell you that mankind does not long remain terrorized by any catastrophe, and they point to Galveston, Texas, which, after being swept by a tidal wave, patched up the damage and goes along prosperously. Again there is a difference, for there has been built a sea-wall to protect the city against another tidal wave. Against another earthquake San Francisco can make no provision.

Tremendous efforts will be made by the leading financiers and business men of that city to have the place rebuilt. The owners of real estate have lost all but their land. Men who would be paupers, should the city not rebuild, will continue to be millionaires if it arises anew. They will hurl themselves into the task of rebuilding. Outsiders, with local interests, will hastily assist. To some extent aid will be given by daring business men in other cities who will rush in to become front-rankers in a made-to-order San Francisco—a place that is to grow from nothing to greatness in a period of three or four years. Train-loads of the timid, the tired, and the retired will leave the city daily, and train-loads of adventurers, speculators and shrewd investors will arrive daily. Something like \$150,000,000 insurance money will be paid over to San Francisco people, and most of this will be spent in reconstruction. But by no means all of it will be so spent. Many will be glad to take their insurance money, retire to remote places, and quietly spend the remainder of their days. Hundreds of big firms will never resume business, so that if the city is to replace itself new men and new capital will have to come in. Another influence will tell against the rebuilding of the city. In business there is an attraction of gravity, and San Francisco grew great because it had the start. It drew smart men and questing capital to itself. Yet now, San Francisco has rivals greater than herself. The business of an immense country and the immense business of the Pacific cannot be suspended to await the reconstruction of San Francisco. Already thousands of business concerns have shifted headquarters to Los Angeles, Seattle, and Tacoma, San Jose, Oakland and near-by points. Many of these will not find it necessary to return. Thousands who had made fortunes elsewhere lived in fine residences in San Francisco. Nothing but choice made that their place of residence, and it must be probable that many of these will no longer choose to reside there, now that everything they owned on the spot has been destroyed and they escaped but with their lives. San Francisco will be a busy place, no doubt, for the next few years, and will rebuild surprisingly, but the probability is that the city will never recover its ascendancy on the Pacific Coast. The younger cities will leap to the front.

In one day last week 274,000 people in San Francisco applied for and received food from the Relief Committee. That is to say, men, women, and children, to the number of the total population of Toronto, were in a state of actual want and were dependent on the authorities for food, clothing, and shelter. It is necessary to supply them with food daily, with tents, blankets, utensils. They have nothing and no means of getting anything. They are not people accustomed to poverty. The great majority of them have never known until now what want is—pleasure-loving, quick-earning, rapid-spending people, going through life with laughter and good-comradeship, saving enough money each year to enjoy an annual vacation, and trusting to luck, life insurance and the gratitude of children for provision against old age. Such are the people huddled under canvas, sleeping in army blankets, in the parks and fields about San Francisco, and hurrying forth at dawn to receive food for the day from those entrusted with the distribution of the nation's charity. Among these men and women who march up to the relief wagons with pails and baskets to secure food to keep their families alive for twenty-four hours are tens of thousands who have been accounted among the rich or well-to-do of San Francisco. Men who were rated at \$100,000 are for the moment beggars, and rub shoulders with ragamuffins in quest of breakfast. A great leveler is the earthquake and the fire that roars in its train! Where has there been such a toppling of fortunes, such a smoothening down of the little eminences that society sets up, as now when a quarter of a million people, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, capitalist and toiler, meet under the sky at the public breakfast table and struggle for dry bread. The crossing-sweeper is no hungrier than the landlord of two acres of ashes, and the general manager with nothing to manage and nobody to general is of no more consequence than his former janitor in the sight of the soldier who presides over the bread-wagon. When the children of Israel were fed by manna some among them were not content, but sought to gather more than their need so that they could have supplies in advance. But the manna withered overnight. The same pitiful anxiety about self hampers the work of relief in San Francisco. Difficult as it is to supply all with their daily needs, anxious as the outside world is to pour in the necessary relief, many families are found grasping more than their wants and trying to hoard up provisions in advance, heedless of the deprivation they may impose on others. Yet who can wonder that a people accustomed to plenty—families raised in the belief that money grows on trees and that they own large orchards—should be terrorized by the unfamiliar face of

Hunger, and should revert to the primitive instinct of self-preservation and try to cache bones or nuts for tomorrow in caves or hollow trees?

Politics set men doing strange chores. Ex-Alderman Ramsden is a home-body, a burly, quiet man, who ordinarily would never shift his feet from the smooth asphalt of the city or willingly make a journey into the wilderness where the wild Indian eats boiled porcupine and regards roast ground-hog as a luxury for great occasions. Mr. Ramsden, by his very business, must abhor savagery, for he has a shop up Yonge street where he manufactures charlotte russe, angel cake, and ladies' fingers for the aristocracy. And yet he, of all men, has been appointed the special representative of the Dominion Government, to proceed into the North country, pursue nomad Indians over the immense silences of that boundless region, and pay them the annuities to which they are entitled for lands surrendered to the nation. No doubt an alderman is by experience the best of men for the actual paying out of money, as Toronto aldermen especially can heave a lot of it out of the municipal treasury in a single day, but no man who has ever sat in

entitled to this important commission, although he is not the kind of man who would look for it. The work of Mr. Harris would have been handed respect from the critics of any country. In art matters the Government could wisely rely on the advice of such a body as the Royal Canadian Academy.

Toronto is easy. The city bears a hard name among some of the smaller towns each of which may have lost its one ewe lamb of a factory owing to the attractiveness of the big city. Yet Toronto is pretty easy. Observe what the trusted guardians of the civic treasury have been doing to that treasury. A bold, brave strike for better pay has something to commend it, but a cunningly-planned turn-about reach into the money-bin is another matter. Note how the game has been played. Last year the aldermen assisted the Controllers to get their salaries increased to \$2,500 per year. This year the aldermen decided to increase their own pay, but the Legislature, in giving consent, stipulated that no such increase should go into effect until after the next municipal elections. Before hoisting their own pay, the aldermen made themselves solid by increasing the wages

Controllers, aldermen, he has shovelled so much money in his time, he has been audited so little, and questioned so apologetically, that he thinks he owns the taxes and that all those in the City Hall are his employees. What, as a matter of fact, had Mr. Coady to do with the question as to what salary the Mayor was entitled to? Last year the Mayor's office carried a salary of \$5,000. Surely some authority other than his personal opinion should have issued instructions before he handed this year's Mayor a \$6,500 salary. Mayor Coatsworth took the money without a murmur. He too must have regarded Mr. Coady as his generous employer, forgetting all about the people from whom he so recently emerged, to their, if not to his own, surprise. The Treasurer so interprets the law that he hands the Mayor \$1,500 more than he paid last year's occupant of the office. The Mayor votes \$1,500 more to the Treasurer than he got last year. The Controllers have had \$1,500 of a raise. The aldermen, modestly, ask but half as much. The corporation laborers have got their increase, and ten thousand other men envy them their jobs. The streets gape with holes. The dust and dirt ruin merchandise, endanger health, and disgrace the city. There's nothing doing. All those in the municipal employ have dropped pick, shovel, broom, pen, gavel, law book, amendment and notice of motion, and crowd expectant around Richard Coady's honey-pot. Toronto, as I have said, is easy. Toronto has a memory that forgets a thing like this in about four weeks.

There are men in the City Hall who deserve more pay than they have ever received. Many of them are included in the list of increases proposed by the Controllers. Others, probably, are not. But the Mayor is well paid at \$5,000. The City Treasurer is well paid at \$5,000. The pay of the men who do the work should be increased within reason. The only safe view is that aldermen should not get a cent beyond the \$300 honorarium now paid them. They should represent the taxpayers, not the tax-eaters. Their sympathies should be with those who have to pay money into the treasury, not with those who take money out of it. They should not be out for the stuff. They should not be in the ring. They should sit unpaid on top of the job and see that paid employees, from the Mayor down, do not get together and play a give-me-some game on the treasury.

The Fishing and Game Clubs of Victoria and Vancouver, B.C., get a jeering knock in the current issue of *London Truth*. Mr. J. C. Crowley of Croydon has circulated some letters among suitable Englishmen, telling them that these clubs, having stocked that part of the world with partridges, pheasants, and quail from England, are now anxious to extend their operations to black game and capercaillie, for which purpose they desire to raise £150 by subscription. Mr. Crowley in his letter says: "I may say that the scheme is an utterly unselfish one, as probably no single member will see the time when these birds may lawfully be shot, as they will be protected for many years, so it amounts to a purely sporting offer to stock their land with game birds for the benefit of those who come after." In the opinion of *Truth*, it is a sporting offer, indeed, this invitation to Englishmen to dig up money "to send black game and capercaillie to British Columbia for the benefit of colonial sportsmen yet unborn." Perhaps Mr. Crowley of Croydon is seeking to raise this money through a generous interest in the project, but without authorization from the Fish and Game Clubs of Vancouver and Victoria, B.C. It is not easy, at times, to account for some of the appeals made in England for funds to be used for various purposes in Canada, and, of this I am sure, that it is very seldom indeed that any native-born Canadian or anyone of sufficiently long standing in the country to be in touch with popular sentiment, has anything to do with making such appeals. It would be interesting to see black game and capercaillie introduced into British Columbia, and into other parts of Canada for that matter, but if we want to see these birds roosting in our trees we should be at the expense of paying for them as we do for Durham cattle, Clydesdale horses, oil paintings, Governors-General, military bands, queen bees, and other necessities and luxuries difficult to make, raise, or cultivate to perfection in our climate. If the Fish and Game Clubs of British Columbia really wanted to stock the surrounding woods with capercaillie at a cost of £150, they could raise the money in half an hour in either Vancouver or Victoria.

Among some of our patriots there is a panic of fear lest J. J. Hill shall build railway lines through the North-West. Hill, although born a Canadian, has denationalized himself by building railways with private capital, contrary to the customs of his native land. A Chinaman returning to his own country minus a pigtail is no more an object of distrust than is J. J. Hill returning to Canada to build railways with his own money. He should disguise himself as a Canadian by demanding a cash subsidy and make his railway scheme patriotic by insisting on getting a land grant for every mile of road built. His project looks unfamiliar, foreign and dangerous while he offers to build his own road with his own money.

At once, on the fact becoming known that the Ontario Government had taken the plunge and would undertake to see that municipalities within reach of Niagara got power from that public waterfall at reasonable prices—at once, the old cry arose that British capital would flee the country, scandalized at so un-British an interference with the rights of investors. Sir Henry Pellatt, of the Pellatt-Nicholls Company, voiced the alarm on Tuesday while entertaining a distinguished party on the occasion of the laying of the corner-stone for their works at Niagara. He informed a reporter that English capital would take fright, and to prove it he waved his wand and produced an English capitalist right on the spot, who, sure enough, evinced the identical degree of alarm that Sir Henry said he would. How timid a thing



The Man Who Owns the Road.

Chaffeur—Please sir, what is it?  
Farmer (rampant)—Stop right where ye are! My hired man's a-going to cross the road down yonder with a load of sand purty soon. Just you wait where ye are until old Mister Me gives ye leave to go on.

Council in this city knows what it means to have to hunt people to pay money to. This is where Mr. Ramsden is going to get sore feet and a discouraged spirit, unless those Indians are more civilized than is suggested by the easy surrender of their lands. Politics has done this for Mr. Ramsden, or to Mr. Ramsden. He deserved something easier than this. I know a man who has been up in the country that Mr. Ramsden will have to traverse with his pay-satchel, and he tells me that the ex-alderman will be set upon by mosquitoes larger than ballot boxes, and that black flies will swarm in his path until he will be unable to see an Indian until he trips over him. This is a nice kind of a job to give to a stout, comfortable, and genial politician like Mr. Ramsden!

Quite a lot of sarcastic criticism of J. Colin Forbes' portraits of the King and Queen is appearing in the English press. It is understood that these portraits are destined to hang in the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa, and the English critics say that while the portraits are good likenesses, there is no art in them. Whether Mr. Forbes was actually commissioned by the Canadian Government to paint these portraits is not known, but at least he carried with him credentials that secured him Royal favor. If the Government of Canada desired to have these portraits made by a Canadian artist to adorn the walls of Parliament, there can be no doubt that the artist who should have received the commission was Mr. Robert Harris of Montreal, president of the Royal Canadian Academy for several years past. By his position of honor in his profession as well as by his work, he was

of corporation laborers far above the market value of such labor. Now the Board of Control recommends a hoist in the salaries of a great many civic officials, adding \$30,000 to the municipal wage bill. Last year Mayor Urquhart drew a salary of \$5,000. This year Mayor Coatsworth is drawing a salary of \$6,500. He says that the City Treasurer assured him that he was legally entitled to this pay. Last year the City Treasurer drew a salary of \$5,000. This year the Board of Control, with the Mayor presiding, decided that the City Treasurer was worth \$6,500 to the city. And so these people go around handing out chunks of money to each other. The City Treasurer may be worth more to this year's Mayor than he was to last year's Mayor, but he is not worth more to the city. By the simple proof of arithmetic he is worth at least \$1,500 less to the city than last year, for he seems to have persuaded this year's Mayor to walk off with \$1,500 that last year's Mayor did not consider himself entitled to. What a happy family it is, at the City Hall, with Treasurer Coady finding occasion to pile on the knees of the Mayor \$1,500 that His Worship didn't know about when he undertook the job! What a spirit to animate the guardian of the civic strong-box. He is no narrow-viewed Auditor-General demanding proof and pinching pennies before parting with them, but he interprets the law so that it will let him pay the largest possible sum. Mr. Coady is a very nice man. Everybody likes Mr. Coady, and not a newspaper in town—not even this one—will speak of him an unkind word. But he has handled the municipal finances so long, he has been the pay-boss of so many Mayors,



is capital! How careful our franchise-holders are not to scare it! All this tip-toe, finger-to-lip, hush business does not go with people and Parliaments as it formerly did. If English capitalists are going to rise like a covey of scared partridges and quit the country whenever citizens stand up suddenly and object to being skinned—why, let them scare. It's better that they should be scared than that we should be skinned. They will wing their way back again presently, when they learn that they are not the birds we are after. The English capitalist is an investor, and it is not the investor who need object to the regulation of the power business by the Provincial Government. The investment gains stability and in the eye of the foreign capitalist at once takes on a "sure thing" aspect.

This action of the Whitney Government has nothing to do with politics. This is business. It is courageous and hard-sense business. The State will not interfere except where the necessity for interference declares itself. The State will not expropriate anything, nor do anything that the existing companies will do at a satisfactory cost. If the cities and towns get power at half the price the companies would have charged, the method by which the Government effects this result will not be quarrelled with by the people. Any way that succeeds is the right way. The main thing is that the present Government had the sense and the sand to leave the beaten path and undertake this job.

It is said that the power companies will come to terms with the Government and that no drastic measures will be necessary. I have even heard it said that the Pellatt-Nicholls people have so many irons in the fire that they will not be unready to turn over the transmission end of their business to the State at a satisfactory figure.

A correspondent has put into black and white some allegations against the Free Hospital for Consumptives at Gravenhurst, which have been floating around in gossip. Here is the letter:

Editor of Saturday Night.—I have just finished reading your article in which you discuss the grant of Toronto of \$50,000 to a hospital for the free treatment of persons who are suffering with consumption. While your article is fresh in my mind I would like to ask you, and through you, Mr. W. J. Gage, a few questions.

You refer frequently in various ways to the "free" hospital for consumptives at Gravenhurst. Can you say positively that there is a "free" hospital for consumptives at Gravenhurst?

Has there ever been a time in the history of the "free" hospital at Gravenhurst when a fairly large charge was made for admission to and treatment therein?

Were there ever patients there who paid \$15 to \$18 per week for treatment? Were there ever patients there who, besides this, paid for their nursing extra?

If there were such "pay" patients in the "free" hospital, was the proper reason given when inquiries were informed that the "pay" hospital was overcrowded and that the "free" institution must share its accommodations with the "pay" patients? In other words, "pay" patients must first be accommodated and then what room might be left could be utilized by "free" or "small pay" patients.

If you can give the public any accurate information upon these points I am sure it would be received with pleasure. Yours, etc., H. C. JONES.

Vankleek Hill, April 22, 1906.

During the last week of April there were fifty-one patients in the Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives at Gravenhurst. Of these, seventeen were admitted free without an order from any municipality; thirteen were admitted free on order of various municipalities; eleven were paying fifty cents per day or less; three were paying \$4 per week; five were paying \$5 per week; two were paying \$6 per week. From these figures I should say that there is a "free" hospital for consumptives at Gravenhurst, with a present attendance of fifty-one, of whom thirty pay nothing, while twenty-one pay something towards maintenance. Mr. Jones is evidently confusing the two institutions, the "free" and the "pay." I am positively assured that no patient ever paid "from \$15 to \$18 per week" in the free hospital. The literature of the sanitarium makes the claim that "no applicant has ever been refused admission to the hospital because of his or her poverty." I believe that to be true, and if Mr. Jones has evidence to the contrary I shall be glad to publish it in the public interest. The thirty persons who are described as "free patients" are absolutely free—they pay nothing whatever, not even their railway fares to and from the institution. But the Free Hospital at Gravenhurst is maintained for the benefit of those for whom there is hope of recovery. Those far gone in the disease are now cared for at Weston.

Both the *Globe* and the *Star* have expressed with some plainness their discontent with the Aylesworth episode. It is quite evident that these two Liberal newspapers are of the opinion that the practice of law in the courts by Hon. A. B. Aylesworth is a source of weakness to the party, and generally undesirable. One is somewhat at a loss to understand why Mr. Aylesworth adheres so fixedly to his own ideas and takes his own way in a matter of this kind, if he really intends to count for anything in public life. Although his party stands by him, it is at a considerable cost. He states that the people of North York approved him as he is, but he must not forget that the press of his party explained to the electors that he would only appear in pending litigation, and that by electing him the corporations would lose, and the State would gain, his services. Although his colleagues have stood by him in the House Mr. Aylesworth may rest assured that they do not thank him for the difficulty of which he is the occasion, and if he will read in Hansard the report of the debate on the Lennox resolution he will find that mighty little was said, except by himself, in defence of the course he has taken. But for the sense of duty owed him as a colleague there is little doubt that the Government would have agreed readily that Ministers and Deputy Ministers should not practise law in the courts. Even as it was, his colleagues put a curb on Mr. Aylesworth. After the speech on the subject by the Minister of Justice it will be impossible for his successor to appear in court, so that should Mr. Aylesworth be that successor, his practice will have to be dropped. He should not have remained in private practice until pried off the job. If his own colleagues confess that it would be indecent for a Minister of Justice to plead in court, other people will go a little further and consider it most improper that the Cabinet associate and destined successor of the Minister of Justice should so practise. When Mr. Aylesworth went into politics he

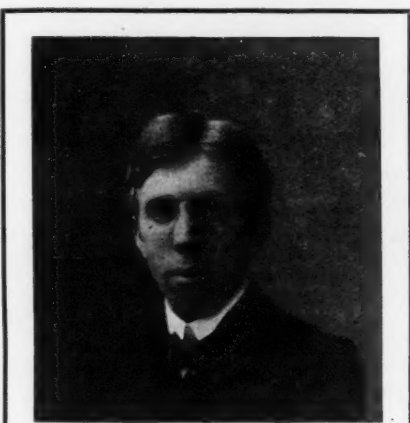
should have put himself under the direction of a politician.

Two hundred English immigrants, after a brief experience in this Province, took train from Toronto on Wednesday, making their way back home. "The coaches were filled," says the *News*, "with loud-voiced and self-appointed critics of Canada and its ways." Of course. This country is all wrong and although these people pointed out what was the matter on all sides, the natives wouldn't let them take hold and run things right. The same paper contains another item of news: "Two hundred experienced Scotchmen are en route from Quebec and a lively scramble is anticipated this evening." Farmers from all parts of the Province competed for the services of these arriving Scotchmen. The trains crossed somewhere east of Toronto—one train carrying two hundred Englishmen back whence they had come, the other carrying two hundred arriving Scotchmen. Why is this so? Why should men return from an unpeopled continent like this to crowded Europe? Why should a train with two hundred men aboard pull out from a railway station that a few hours later swarmed with employers seeking to hire men arriving by another train? As I have said during the past two weeks, there is a class of Englishman coming to Canada of late and he is a new one on the natives. He knows everything and says it all. He scoffs at this country—although it is his colony and he owns it, he has a mind to give it away because he can see at a glance that it is no good. These people arrive, but the country does not digest them. The men who opened up Ontario faced great hardships, conquered immense difficulties. Those who arrive in these times may not be presented with a house and farm, a banked barn, and a drove of cattle on their arrival, they may have to work early and late for small pay, but they escape the struggles that the pioneers overcame, and they have a better chance than in any other country in the world to begin with nothing and build up a competence.

MACK.

#### A Gifted Young Musician's Death.

Much regret has been felt and expressed in Toronto this week because of the untimely death of Mr. Douglas Bertram, a son of the late Mr. George Bertram, M.P., which occurred last Saturday, following an attack of pneumonia. He was only twenty-three years of age, but he had already achieved success as a musician in such measure as to stamp him as a young man who had before him an unusually brilliant, even a great, career.



THE LATE DOUGLAS BERTRAM.

Very early in life Mr. Bertram displayed remarkable talent as a pianist, and later he became so thoroughly wrapped up in his art that he abandoned his course at the University of Toronto in order to give all his time and thought to music. After some years of earnest study in Toronto he pursued a course in Germany, where his talents were also recognized as being extraordinary. Returning to Toronto a few months ago, he did some work in recital which was regarded as polished and authoritative. Mr. Bertram seems to have possessed the rare gifts of imagination and understanding which mark the real artist, and his sudden off-taking, just when he gave promise of becoming a distinguished Canadian musician, is much to be deplored.

#### Daughters of The Empire.

In the year 1900, while the Boer War was going on, a few Montreal women formed themselves into a society called the Imperial Order of Daughters of the Empire, now familiarly known as the I.O.D.E. The order has progressed remarkably both in scope of work and membership during the half-dozen years since its inception, and the annual meeting held in Toronto



MRS. NORDHEIMER, TORONTO President, National Chapter, I.O.D.E.

this week gives occasion for some remarks about what the I.O.D.E. has accomplished.

The order is non-political and non-sectarian, and is in alliance with the Victoria League and the Navy League of England, and the Guild of Loyal Women,

South Africa. Her Excellency the Countess Grey is Honorary President for Canada, and the wives of the Lieutenant-Governors of the Provinces are Honorary Vice-Presidents. Membership is open to all women in the Empire who are loyal British subjects. The annual fee ranges from twenty-five cents to five dollars, and a quarterly magazine, *Echoes*, twenty-five cents a year, is published, containing a synopsis of the work of the order and Imperial articles contributed by some of the most prominent men in Canada. The badge (twenty-five cents in price) is in enamel—a seven-pointed star laid on the "seven seas," with the Union Jack in the center, and the whole surmounted with the crown; motto, "One Flag, One Throne, One Empire." Ninety-one chapters are now in a flourishing condition. Twenty-three were organized this year. There has also been an addition of 515 new members since last May.

The order is frankly and sanely Imperialistic, and while it was organized when public feeling was strongly aroused, and though its first object is to stimulate and give expression to the sentiment of patriotism, there has been no lack of practical common sense in the carrying out of the various projects which have been the work of the "Daughters." Among the endeavors to encourage home industries the Made-in-Canada exhibitions have been original and helpful. In this work the Hamilton chapters, led by Mrs. P. D. Crerar, have been exceedingly enterprising and prosperous. There will be a Made-in-Toronto exhibition, June 11th to 16th, for which we wish the same good fortune as attended the Made-in-Hamilton display.

The care of the Canadian graves in South Africa is a commendable work that has been undertaken with a mixture of pride and sadness. The sending of literature and comforts to the sailors, fishermen and remote settlers is an enterprise of practical benefit, and the letters that come from the far corners of Canada show that the work has been appreciated. The correspondence arranged between Canadian school children and those in Great Britain, Australia, and South Africa is one of the most interesting features of the I.O.D.E. work. The British Empire becomes real to a small boy in Toronto who gets a letter from a small New Zealander, and with these personal touches the Canadian child is interested in a larger world than we used to know.

In some places reading clubs have been formed for the purpose of historical study, and occasionally an active interest is taken in local charities such as the sanitarium in Muskoka, to which several chapters have contributed. In Toronto last year a purse was given to Miss Sorabji to aid in her work among the women of India. The Toronto chapters also presented, through H.R.H. the Duchess of Argyll, a silk White Ensign to H.M.S. *Dominion*.

The officers elected this week were: President, Mrs. Nordheimer; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. John I. Davidson, Mrs. P. D. Crerar, Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander; Secretary, Mrs. Albert Gooderham; Treasurer, Mrs. John Bruce; Organizer, Mrs. Arthur VanKoughnet; Standard Bearer, Miss Constance Boulton. J. G.

Mrs. and Miss Robinson of Beverley House sailed for England on Thursday. Sir Charles Tupper also sailed the same day for England. His Royal Highness Prince Arthur of Connaught bade farewell to Montreal on Wednesday night and sailed by the *Virginian* for England. I am told that his long journeyings and the many functions given in his honor have so completely tired out this amiable young man that he should be glad of a week at sea where he has nothing to do but eat, drink, and sleep.

"The smell of the green things growing" was in the air on Saturday, when each of the Country Clubs had its quota of visitors. The toot of the motor horn was heard in the land, and golf, tennis, afternoon tea, and later on, cosy dinners were on. Some of the new motors are dandies, and the sport has taken firm hold of a great number this spring. I saw a fair lady taking a party of friends out in a fine car at mid-week, and very pretty she looked at the wheel.

Chatham has a most ambitious undertaking on next Monday evening, in the shape of a "Fair of All Nations," which has cost its promoters any amount of labor and thought. Special rates are granted by the railways to those attending this Fair, which lasts for several days, and it is a good opportunity for former Chathamites to look up old friends. There are hundreds of the former in Toronto.

Miss Melvin-Jones is visiting Lady Laurier in Ottawa. Miss McEnery, who has spent the winter at Llawhaden, is in Montreal visiting friends.

Mrs. Scott Griffin (nee Mackenzie), who has been at Benvenuto on a visit to her people, returned to Winnipeg this week with her two children.

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## When You Follow the Crowd

BY MAJOR C. EDWARD MILLS.

When you visit the great mining district of Temiscaming, you should understand the vernacular of its shirt-sleeved denizens. Always remember that until you have "hit the trail," "dossed" in a settler's cabin, packed across country under a "trump line," made a few portages, and can talk moose or millions and about the height of land, you are a tenderfoot. Then, too, you must remember that everything is a proposition. It is a proposition to buy a town lot or a glass of whisky. It is still a proposition to pack a mixed load of dynamite and some pork and beans to some outlandish place up country, or go to the post-office for your mail. In fact a proposition means everything that you can or intend to do, from developing an honest silver lead to unloading a wildcat company on the ever-gullible and unsuspecting public. The word is an extremely adaptable one—as handy as a pocket in a shirt.

When a tenderfoot arrives at Temagami, he rushes into the slab-boarded "restaurant" to bolt a hard-boiled egg and a sandwich. The old-timer adopts an entirely different system of manoeuvre. He waits quietly until the tenderfoot gets the stale sandwiches from the day before, and which are invariably stacked on top of the fresh ones, and then takes up a position from which he can forestall the dilatory chaps whose drawing-room manners prevent them from hurrying; and by using the elbow at the crucial moment, he gets the best that is offered.

Arriving at Cobalt, you may review the result of "Silver Fever." What was, a year ago, a dense wilderness of spruce, tamarack and balsam, is now the Mecca of fortune-hunters. It is built haphazard on a series of hills, and possesses every kind of a habitation, from a tent to an iron-faced building, while in the main streets the primeval stumps stand mourners for the late forest. At present no fences obscure the unsightly litter that is made up of packing cases, ash heaps and empty tins. The storekeeper carries his goods inside, and gives the papers and boxes a kick around the corner. The place is as picturesque in this respect as a metropolitan garbage dump. On lots which boast four posts and sills, with a card, "This lot and foundation for sale," will spring in three or four days some sort of business house or office—anything in fact, from a mining broker's habitation to a restaurant, for the rattle of the hammer and the rasp of the saw is unceasing. In this building is possibly invested the entire capital of some newly hatched real estate man who soon aspires to clap-board edifices, and talks sky-scrapers, when, as a matter of fact, in an older city he could not build a chicken coop. A meal can be had at "Delmonico's," *Repas a toutes heures*, while next door a humble log cabin is topped with a sign, "Maison Plaison, stoppin Plas."

Every now and then a dull roar announces the location of a new venture, where some lead is being worked, or seam prospected; which, by the way, reminds one that there are many of the knights of the pick and drill who handle dynamite in a way that is startling to the uninitiated. On and on you will wander, past as varied an array of architecture as necessity and crudity can dictate, brushing sleeves with those clad in sweaters and shoe-packs, or Christy and patent leathers. On every side can be seen faces on which the fever and the lust for gold have left their stamp. The broker has the mark. The mine owner has it. The illicit whiskey vendors have it. If you remain long you will have it!

All day you may watch prospectors of all types arriving in the "Silver City," and then vanishing into the forest in their search for wealth. In the evening loiter around one of the hotel lobbies and listen to the "old-timers" of other mining camps spin their yarns. Who is "Stillwater Pete"? Listen, and you will hear all about him. You will learn how he once made a big "clean up," and immediately imported a brougham, pair, and splendidly appointed coachman. Well, Pete simply couldn't go across the street for a time without riding. After a while he got tired of being followed by the ever obsequious coachman, whom he always tipped royally, and gave him the whole outfit and a big stake to boot, on condition that he kept out of his sight forever. Then he became enamoured with a concert hall singer. He was absolutely and desperately smitten, but a "dude," beat him out. Pete worried for a long time and then found a way to her affections. It was this way. Ham



and eggs were the *hors-d'oeuvre* of the mining camp. Pete bought every egg in the place, and when the "dude" and her ladyship went one night to a restaurant to enjoy their mid-night repast they could not get it. Nothing but pork and beans and canned stuff was to be had. They found conditions just the same at other cafes. The market was cornered, and Stillwater was king. It is unnecessary to relate how the "dude" lost the day, and also how some other wooings are accomplished. "Stillwater" and "Windy Arm Jim" are

on their way to Cobalt to make a new stake. "Windy" was the man who made a big strike up the Yukon, and on arriving in Seattle from the Klondyke, took a gang of coatless navvies from their work on a street sewer into a swell restaurant, wine and dined them in a princely manner, and afterwards, remembering that the waiter had served no finger bowls, boycotted the place forever. The stories are extremely interesting to say the least, as is the encircling crowd of tenderfeet who listen in rapt attention.

The "wildcat" so much talked about is not the ordinary Canadian lynx. It is, however, different from the "tame cat," or proven mine. Experience soon teaches the novice to make a nice distinction.

Don't linger too long in surveying the unique architecture. The log hut with the plate glass window is not a freak; it is a necessity, and the home of a flourishing business.

A feeling of incredulity is felt by the visitor as to the wealth that is said to exist in the district. It does not seem possible that such wealth could have lain undiscovered for so many years at the back door of Old Ontario. The "million talk" is demoralizing—but the sight of silver—native silver sandwiched in the long seams—is convincing! It is, too, only one of the assets of this beautifully watered country. There is iron, copper and an assortment of minerals that is usually only found in a museum. So far only certain properties have been proven, but thousands of samples that give promise of rich deposits beneath are to be found all over a district which is a hundred miles broad by as many long. Should here and there mines be found, equalling those already in operation at Cobalt, Sudbury and Michipicoten—and there is no reason why all the discoveries should have been made in a few years—it will prove one of the richest mineral-producing districts ever known. Throw in the immense forests, add the water powers, break up the clay belt for grain producing, and Ontario will be one of the greatest factors in the world's mart. There is a wonderful fascination for the prospector as to what the land beyond the steels may contain. The old miner says that where silver lies, not far away is to be found the yellow gold. So far no real paying discovery of this metal has been made. It must be beyond the steels; so, further north you go if your time permits, for it attracts the fever-stricken, as surely as it does the needle!

In every direction the pick, in the hands of amateur and professional, delves in the rocks that line the lakes and rivers, or stand in outcroppings on the highlands. On your journey you will meet men, anxious and unkempt, hurrying towards the inspector's office to register a claim, that possibly shows only a small indication of metal, yet which looks as if below it might produce the millions of which they dream during both working and sleeping hours. Everybody laughs when any one says he has made a find. You will laugh when your friend tells you that he has found a vein or deposit, for he will tell you seriously that it looks better than anything he has yet seen. You will, perchance, go prospecting, and in turn make leg bail for the inspector's office, and put in a claim for forty acres of mineral land. Then you are laughed at in turn. You grow rather heated, and finally, like thousands of others, feel a sort of pity for such a manifestation of incredulity and downright ignorance. Everybody is full of an unreasoning optimism, everybody is visionary—all but yourself. Thousands will eventually feel a keen and heartbreaking disappointment, and a great many will reap bountiful harvests. The former will be told their claims might turn out good building stone, the latter that theirs will pass Government inspection. Therein lies the secret of the life—the great fascination which lies in chance, the allurements of which make most people gamblers, perhaps unwittingly. In the new district, you will hear dining-room girls

and hotel porters talk of stocks as glibly as Wall Street magnates. It is part of the life. Your visit will not be accompanied by all the comforts of home. The frills you brush against may not be of muslin, or the shirt of the new citizen of French cambric. Your lumber-jack or river-driver, homesteader or miner, reek not of talcum powder or eau de cologne, nor is there to be found any of the easy elegance of the old cities. Instead is found the brawn and sinew, the sometimes rough manner, but the splendid courage of the pioneer, which dares to follow where paths are thorny, breasting adversity wherever it may run. Whatever may be the result of your pilgrimage, you will go back feeling that the new country is bound to be a great factor in the near future, and proud of the fact that still in Canadian arteries courses the strong, red blood of your forefathers, for axe and saw, pick and plow, are at work now as they were in the days of the early pioneers.

Here's the way they do it in Japan, according to *The East of Asia*. The theaters on the night of a first performance charge half price only. The actors allow a rebate for their want of completeness on this night, the slow movements of their stage scenery and the mistakes in their dialogues. At the end of the play the proprietor and the entire troupe of actors kneel before the audience, praying the house "augustly to pardon the shortcomings of their play," and promising a better performance on the morrow. Wouldn't it be a rich, a delightful spectacle to see some of the companies that visit the Toronto theaters come before the footlights and on their knees pray the audience to "augustly pardon" their shortcomings?



"I'm sorry, my dear, I can't find what's wrong. I'm afraid you'll have to walk."  
"Why, George! I wouldn't ask the dog to walk on roads like these; you'll have to push the thing, that's all."  
—Life.

## DRAMA

THE announcement made by Mr. E. S. Willard last autumn that he would return to Toronto for a fortnight's engagement in the spring was received with unmistakable pleasure, and next week at the Princess Theater there begins the fulfilment of the promise made six months ago. On Monday, Tuesday and Saturday evenings, Mr. Willard will appear in Robertson's *David Garrick* and Rudyard Kipling's *The Man Who Was*; on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, in *The Middleman*, by Henry Arthur Jones; on Friday evening and Saturday matinee in J. M. Barrie's *The Professor's Love Story*. The following week will probably be devoted to *A Pair of Spectacles*, the play which most of us have associated with Mr. John Hare. We have seen *David Garrick*, *The Middleman* and *The Professor's Love Story* almost every time that Mr. Willard has visited Toronto, but they have lost none of their first charm, and next week will find us admiring *David's* graceful antics in his feigned intoxication, sympathizing with old *Cyrus Blenkarn's* passionate cry for vengeance and the elderly *Professor Goodwillie's* love for his fair secretary, *Lucy White*. We are glad to see them all once or even twice a year, and would as soon think of doing without them as dispensing with Christmas, or Easter flowers, or anything else that gladdens this dull world. As *Benjamin Goldfinch* we shall probably see the English actor in another characteristic role, and add him to the list of Willard favorites. What has become of *The Cardinal*? It seems like a long while since we saw Mr. Willard in the part of that dignified yet desperate character whose honor and brotherly affection were in conflict. *Tom Pinch* will be played during the second week's engagement, greatly to the popular satisfaction, for gentle *Tom* is almost as well liked as *Cyrus Blenkarn*. But no one will be sorry to miss *The Fool's Revenge* from the repertoire as its tempestuous course was too much of a departure from the style usually followed by Mr. Willard to prove either comforting or edifying.

The most interesting feature in Mr. Willard's engagement will probably be the one-act play, *The Man Who Was*, adapted from Mr. Kipling's short story of that name which appeared in *Life's Handicap*. The story, if not so good as *The Man Who Would Be King*, is well in the front of Mr. Kipling's stories of Indian life, and presents an essentially dramatic situation. The officers of a British regiment, described as one of the finest in the service, entertain *Dirkovich*, a Russian guest, and also the officers of the Lushkar Light Horse, after a game of polo with the latter. While dinner is in progress there enters a beggar who shows uncanny signs of familiarity with the ways of the regiment, the White Hussars. He speaks of the old regimental horse and understands the secret spring of the seven-branched candlestick. Then the Lushkar team, seeing that there must be some private mystery, make an orderly retirement, while *Dirkovich* succumbs to the White Hussars' brandy. The filthy figure is placed in a chair

and the toast, "The Queen" is proposed, that "sacrament of the mess." The weird visitor immediately responds, snapping the stem of his glass as they did in the good old days. There is no doubt then as to where the unfortunate belongs. Then *Dirkovich* arouses and as soon as the quondam officer catches sight of the Russian he grovels in utter terror, while the sight is displeasing to the British officers who demand that *Dirkovich* shall carry on a conversation with the long-lost lieutenant. They listen as he talks in "purring spitting Russian," while they decide that the next time they have no engagements on hand they will go to St. Petersburg and study the language of the enemy. The muster-rolls of the regiment are searched and it is found that *Lieutenant Austin Limmason* was reported missing in fifty-four. Then the story slowly is told how thirty years before *Limmason* had fallen into the hands of the Russian colonel, had refused to apologize for an alleged insult, and had been forthwith banished. He had escaped, and passing through scenes of hardship and peril, at last reached his old regiment. For three days the returned lieutenant is tenderly cared for, and then the "wail of the Dead March" . . . told the wondering Station that an officer of the regiment had resigned his new-found commission.

Throughout the story are the inimitable Kipling touches, such as his doubt whether England and Russia will ever "civilize" Asia. "Asia will never attend Sunday school or learn to vote, save with swords for tickets." The feeling manifested towards the Czar's empire is of the same nature as that so clearly shown in *The Truce of the Bear*. *Dirkovich* is drawn by a skillful and unloving hand, and one sympathizes with the Hussars' sentiment after his train disappears:

"I'm sorry for Mister Bluebeard,  
I'm sorry to cause him pain;  
But a terrible spree there's sure to be  
When he comes back again."

Whatever may be the form of the story in the one act play, it would be well to read it before the close of this week if one is to understand the scene and the characters.

*The Man Who Was*, will probably be appreciated on its dramatic merits, and in the capital of Ontario its appeal to British army traditions will enforce its significance. Even in New York and Chicago it has met with appreciation, and in Toronto still greater success may be anticipated. The management of the Princess Theater may be trusted not to commit the absurdity of unfurling the United States flag about the time that the British officer is recognized, though we should not care to assert as much regarding all of our Toronto managers. Some of them possess a feeling for the unfitness of things about as acute as that manifested by G. T. R. officials.

Mr. Willard as the poor, crazed exile, who has mere flashes of remembrance of his old life, will be playing a part utterly different from such readily understood characters as *David Garrick* and *Professor Goodwillie*. But that he will enter with sympathetic delicacy into the gropings of that darkened mind, those who have for many years admired his conscientious art do not doubt for a moment. It was a happy thought to unite such a subtly tragic story with a comedy so full of rollicking mirth as *David Garrick*. The first Toronto performance of *The Man Who Was* will be given next Monday night, when the city's favorite actor will be greeted with the proverbial Willard house.

In the role of *Raffles*, the suave and courtly cracksmen, Mr. Kyrle Bellew has once more been entertaining Toronto audiences at the Princess Theater. The glorification of such an unconventional calling has been questioned by some critics, but *Raffles*, like *Robin Hood* and *Rob Roy* has won popular admiration as a hero of fiction and Mr. Bellew's graceful and finished impersonation has made him a matinee favorite also. Mr. E. M. Holland achieves an artistic triumph as *Captain Bedford* the gentleman-detective, into whose part he enters with such realistic skill that he is a terror unto the evil-doer. Miss Clara Blandick, as *Gwendolyn*, gives the impression of a simple, loyal character, rather lacking in spirit, and Miss Lorena Atwood makes an effective *Mrs. Vidal*. The performance is highly satisfactory and the retirement of *Raffles* will be regretted by many admirers.

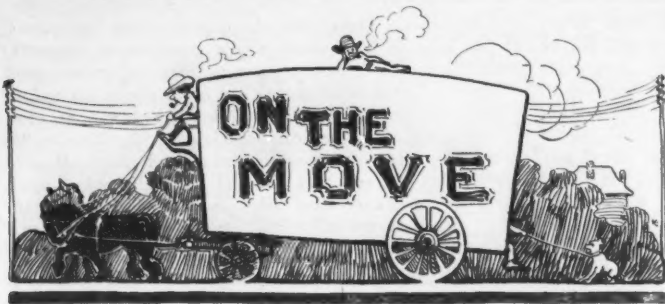
When *Knighthood Was in Flower*, starring Miss Roselle Knott, the Canadian actress, has been drawing large audiences to the Grand this week. The piece is a well-staged and eminently satisfactory dramatic production. It is a dramatization of Robert Barr's immensely popular novel of the same name, and is rather more successful than most productions of the kind. The tragic vicissitudes of the love of *Mary Tudor* for *Charles Brandon*, a commoner, present a very striking dramatic theme and the playwright has given it an excellent setting and splendid characterization. Miss Knott, as *Mary Tudor*, did what many actors fail to do, really created a character and showed herself an actress of pleasing personality and great emotional range. She portrayed with a charming vivacity the lighter coquettish side of *Mary Tudor's* character, and in her doublet and hose at the inn when about to take ship for New Spain, made a delightful feminine swashbuckler. She also ran a whole gamut of emotions from love to defiance with superb histrionical skill, and no matter what her mood, was always pleasing. Her company was well balanced and rendered her able assistance. Ogden Stevens as *King Henry VIII* did some very clever acting, and created a "Bluff King Hal" that, in spite of his failings, one could not help but admire. Ernest Hastings acquitted himself well of the difficult role of *Charles Brandon*, and James Kerr portrayed *Sir Edwin Caskoden* in a very natural and unaffected manner. Altogether the play is a very realistic representation of bygone days of chivalry and breathes the subtle fragrance of tournaments and ladies' favors and deeds of derring-do. Aside from the play, the acting of Miss Roselle Knott has that delightful quality that tempts one to return unwearied to a second performance.

The programme at Shea's the last few weeks has been up to the most exacting vaudeville standard, and this week proves no exception to its predecessors. The act of Miss Emma Carus, who has also been successful in musical comedy, is perhaps one of the best things on the bill. She sings some very pleasing and tuneful songs in an exceedingly attractive manner. McMahon's Minstrel Maids have a novel musical sketch, and the Four Lukens perform some astonishing acrobatic feats. Snyder and Buckley are entertaining with their musical act, and the Carter and Waters Company have a very ridiculous skit. Then follow Redford and Winchester with burlesque juggling, and McMahon and Chappelle with some very effective jokes. The kinetograph, with some novel views, concludes the bill.



With the Old-timers.





THERE are few citizens of Toronto who can say with Thomas Hood:

"I remember, I remember  
The house where I was born,  
The little window where the sun  
Came peeping in at morn."

In one of his Drumtochty stories, Ian MacLaren tells of the grief that fell upon the Burnbrae household when Lord Hay's new factor tried to turn them from the old farm. It was a grief that most Canadians can understand chiefly through imagination, for it is only in the Eastern Provinces that the old homesteads continue in possession of one family for several generations. In Ontario it is a rare thing to find a man living in the house in which his grandfather dwelt long ago, and hence the associations with the soil which are so strong in our island motherland are comparatively weak here. Tennyson's "Northern Farmer," who made "pruputy" his idol, is more amusing than comprehensible to the people of a new country, who possess half a continent to experiment with. But it is the landless Englishman, Irishman, and Scot who have made the British colonies a possibility, and the new, unappropriated lands stretched invitingly away until they, too, became the familiar and the homelike.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, when he was in Toronto two weeks ago, remarked with approval that our city is a collection of small houses, a place of "homes." It is rather pathetic to observe the kindly, ingenious fashion in which multi-millionaires put the small house on the back, and dwell with something approaching enthusiasm on the simple joys of home, be it ever so humble. Yet the people of Toronto seem to take as much delight in moving about the city as if they were encamped only for a season. One sure way of making money in Toronto under present conditions is to establish a storage warehouse or set up a moving-van. From house to flat to boarding-house we blithely go, and our furniture is here to-day and is stored to-morrow. The small restaurants of the city are doing a thriving business, and many are the happy families gathered within their costly walls; and, by the way, another fortune awaits the enterprising woman who will provide a table where the food is daintily served and the cutlery is really clean. Existing circumstances are sad indeed, and it would be difficult to go farther and fare worse.

In the past two weeks we have seen "moving" on a more extended scale than ever before. Late and early huge vans have been going to and fro, lumbering along with the lures and penates scientifically stowed away by those whose profession it is to pack. In the spring the lawning gets himself another crest, and the worthy householder looks about him for an abode where the woodwork is more up-to-date and the furnace is not an understudy for the refrigerator.

Lucky is the man who buys his own plot of ground. He and his wife proceed to put their heads together (the head is usually the wife's) and plan just how they want that house. It all sounds very lovely, but wait until you hear the accounts of those who have determined to watch their own house go up. "I thought my hair would be grey before the place was finished," says a woman friend with tears in her voice; "the workmen did everything wrong, there were strikes and all sorts of trouble with the plumbing, and now that we have moved in there are ever so many things that we'd like to change. Take my advice and just buy any old house. It's better than fretting and stewing about having things just as you want them, and then finding out that the rooms don't look at all as you thought they would."

"We've just taken a flat with such nice people," says another, "and we like it ever so much, only I feel a little worried about all the furniture that's stored away. We get our own breakfast and lunch, you know, and then go over to the 'Mandarin' for dinner. It's rather expensive, but it's better than having such a time with maids as I've experienced this winter. Of course, it isn't like having your own house, but as soon as I get rested we'll try it again. We've been in the east and west, and I think next time we'll try the north. The air seems to be so much purer as you go out towards Eglinton. Tom doesn't like dining out. He says he hates being stared at by strangers while he's taking his soup. But it's such a saving of energy to have the dinner provided by someone else that I tell him he'll just have to put up with the strange people until we have time to look about us. We've been in four different houses in the last six years, and next time I'm going to be really satisfied before we settle down. We've had such a time with landlords."

But did anyone ever hear of a really generous landlord who recognized the undesirable condition of the roof, and the ancient design of the wall-paper, and made haste to remedy these defects? Or has anyone ever listened to the landlord's enthusiastic praise of a tenant who took excellent care of the house and was not "always wanting something"? And the month of moving passes quickly away and the process of settling down is well begun before the June roses dream of opening.

But modern moving is an easy and luxurious undertaking compared with what it was a decade ago, and with

what it is in the small towns to-day. What a season of unrest and weariness ensued when packing-boxes strewed the woodshed and back yard and everybody worked, including father, who whacked his thumbs and said words under his breath, while mother exclaimed, "Why John!" The walls looked desolate indeed without the chromos of our childhood. Queen Victoria was gone from her place above the sitting-room mantel, while Mary Queen of Scots, in her dainty Stuart cap, was wrapped up in a quilt, awaiting a new home. The vase that Aunt Maria had given mother as a wedding-present had been smashed on the parlor hearth, much to the delight of Cousin Florence, who said it was the very ugliest thing she ever saw. There was a chilly air about the carpetless rooms, and one's footsteps and voice echoed in an uncanny fashion through the bare halls. The last meals were unpleasant affairs, when we sat on soap-boxes and had a scarcity of plates and forks, while canned salmon became dreadfully familiar. Now we telephone for the men to come, the magnificent ambulance arrives, and before we know where we are we have moved, and the same dexterous men are busy with the rugs and the piano, and wish to know where the pictures are to be hung. Of course, there is a bill to pay for all this blessedness, but who would not be willing to go without an automobile or a steam yacht in order to escape the suds and discomfort that have given place to the dustless house-cleaning and the moving-van.

#### BROWNING IN BENVILLE

BENVILLE is a small Ontario town where there is much comfort, but where the man who is worth fifty thousand dollars is regarded as a wealthy citizen in peril of all those ills and vices that are supposed to prey upon the plutocrat. There are comparatively few Bensville households where a maid is kept; so the women of the community are not as the ladies of the field, but rather may be compared to that worthy insect immortalized by Dr. Isaac Watts in the hymn which we all learned and hated in our innocent childhood. If there is any time when feminine Bensville has leisure for other than Martha-like occupations, it is between the hours of three and five in the afternoon, when missionary societies and ladies' aids plan for the conversion of the heathen and also for raising money for a new parlor carpet for the parsonage or a new furnace for the manse.

Suddenly the women of Bensville were stirred to greater interest than they had ever known by the endeavors of Dr. Norton's second wife to start a Browning Club, which was to meet on Wednesday afternoons, at her husband's fine new residence, which his bride had named "Ardara." Bensville had accorded Mrs. Norton the Second a rather grudging reception, for she was from a city of Eastern Ontario and had money of her own; hence the women of Bensville were bent upon showing the stranger that she was not going to "run the town." Bensville is a conservative in the matter of amusements, and progressive eucure, with inexpensive prizes of perfume from the local drug store, or a box of pale-blue note-paper from the stationer's, has not yet given place to bridge. It was feared that Mrs. Norton would desire to become a "social leader," and Mrs. Tom Ferguson was ready to show her that the course of such supremacy never did run smooth.

But Mrs. Norton puzzled everyone, while even those good ladies who thought that the first wife had been

treated shamefully, in that the doctor had built a new house before his second entrance upon the holy estate of matrimony, were compelled to use only vaguely hostile terms after calling upon the bride. She seemed to take no interest whatever in local topics, and had a frozen, far-away look in her blue eyes when Mrs. Bates ventured to ask where she had met the doctor, how long they had been engaged, and if she had known the first Mrs. Norton.

Eleven elect ladies had been asked to "Ardara" to form the club, and those who had been left out were exceedingly contemptuous of the whole affair, and thought their neighbors might be better employed than in studying peculiar poems. Mrs. Spence, who reads the fiction in the weekly newspaper, the religious novel in the church monthly, also the thrilling tales in "Munsey's" and the "Argosy," said it was a sinful waste of time, and repeated the assertion until she had almost persuaded herself of its truth.

But that did not keep her from running over to Miss King's the evening following the first meeting and inquiring eagerly about the proceedings. In every town in the English-speaking world there are sister spinsters known as "the Miss Kings," and it was the youngest of the Bensville three who had been asked to the much-discussed meeting.

"Who was made president?" was the first question.

"Well, do you know, it was the queerest thing. There aren't to be any officers. We're to take turns in presiding. There's a poem to be read at each meeting, and we're all to discuss it. We're going to study the short ones first. Then next year we intend to take up just two. One is a play—something about a scutcheon—and the other has an awfully queer title about red cotton night-caps."

"Red cotton night-caps!" echoed the astonished Mrs. Spence. "I'd like to know what a poet's got to say about 'em. Did he wear one?"

"I don't know much about it, though it certainly does sound strange. You see there were only three of us who knew anything about Browning, and I'm sure I can't imagine why Mrs. Norton wants me to belong, unless it's because we've always been such good patients of the doctor's and have always paid right up, even when Selina had that long attack of typhoid. I'm going to send for Browning's poems to-morrow. I see one of the Toronto stores is advertising a cheap sale of selections for fifty-nine cents. I don't suppose the cover will be much, but it will have to do this year. Mrs. Gordon had a lovely copy there to-day."

"The Presbyterian minister's wife! Well, she certainly can't have much to do. And didn't you tell me they were going to have a play next year? Do you s'pose she's going to act in it?"

"We're just going to read it and have it explained. Mrs. Norton has a book with a lot of notes."

"It's no wonder that the churches are losing their hold on the young people when ministers' wives have nothing to do but take up with plays. I don't believe Mr. Gordon realizes the harm it might do. Most of the poets were no better than they ought to be, anyway."

"Why, Mrs. Spence, there's poetry in the Bible. Look at the Psalms."

"Doesn't that prove what I say? They were written by David, and I'm sure I'd be very sorry to call him respectable. I'm not wishing any harm to the club, but I think you ought to know more about the habits of Browning before you go so deep into his works. I believe Longfellow was all right, but some of the poets weren't the kind of people you'd care to ask to the house."

"I wonder," said Miss Maria King, "where I've put the newspaper that advertised his poems for fifty-nine cents. It's wonderful how cheap they can get up books nowadays."

CANADIANE.

#### Patriotic Compliment.

Our friend from Utah was enjoying "Lohengrin" vastly, as it was the first time he had heard the opera. To our surprise when the bridal chorus and march began, he rose and remained standing throughout the playing of the impressive strains.

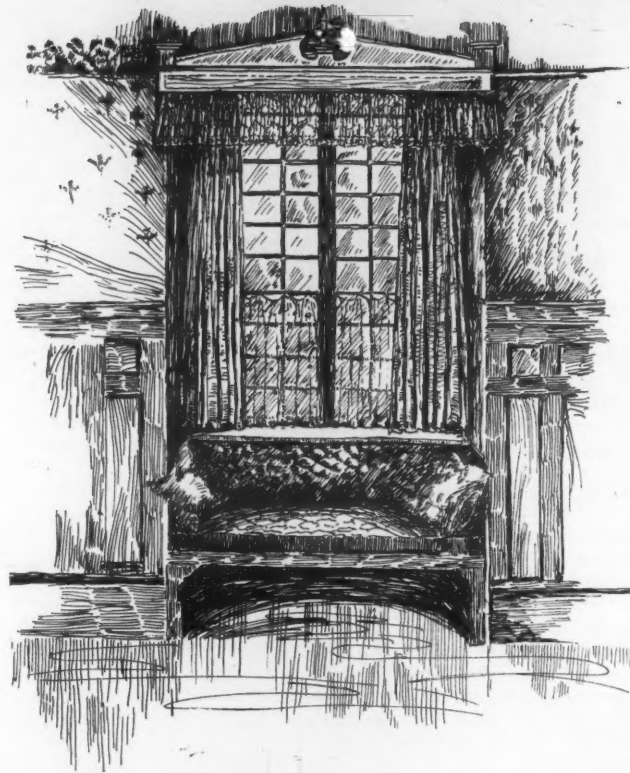
"Why did you stand?" we asked him after he took his seat.

"That's the State air of Utah," he said; "and I rather took it as a high compliment to my State to find that it has been worked into this show."



Little Boy (with his stout mother regarding a skeleton)—I say, mamma, how does that man keep his dinner? —"Tatler."

## The "New Art" IN HOUSEFURNISHING



THE reaction from the conventional, spiritless, deadening influence of the early Victorian period upon art and things artistic brought about a new growth and a revival, the effects of which are only now beginning to be generally felt. One of the most striking results of the New Art Movement relates to housefurnishings, and for want of better name may be called the Arts and Crafts idea.

This delightfully refreshing change from the meaningless formalism of the period of our fathers—for we don't have to go back as far as the early Victorian era for contrast—is based upon old Dutch or Elizabethan simplicity and characterfulness, but modified, diversified and greatly amplified by modern taste, up-to-date conceptions, and 19th century improvement in mechanics.

It is surprising how widespread this new idea in housefurnishing—and, indeed, in housebuilding—has become. In England it has won almost universal sympathy among people of class and culture. In the United States sympathy for the new idea characteristically takes the form of enthusiasm. In Canada, and especially in Toronto, we find there is a warm, lively appreciation for the quaintness, the charm, the boldness, freshness, and artistic originality of this "New Art" idea in the matter of housefurnishing and interior decoration.

We say this because our department has been busy with orders of this nature for months. This Spring we are prepared to execute work of this kind as never before. You may choose from a wealth of new fabrics for sash curtaining, for dados, for upholstery, cushions, etc., deep sober colorings and coarse textures or light, gauzy, muslin-like materials with the simple, beautiful designs of the New School.

Silk Homespun, Hopsacking, Burlap, fine Canvases, reversible Silk Pile Repp—these and a hundred others to see when you come.

SEND FOR OUR BOOKS

"Suggestions" and "What it Costs to Furnish a House."

STORE OPENS  
AT 8 a.m.

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ROBERT

**SIMPSON**

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LIMITED

STORE CLOSING  
AT 5.30 p.m.



THE NAME

'Jaeger' Pure Wool

throughout the world stands for Underwear of the highest excellence only. It is made to clothe the human frame in comfort—to promote the bodily well-being, and to protect against chill under every condition of climatic change.

The extensive sale in India, Africa, Australia, South America proves its value as the coolest wear in the heat of summer.

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**Miss Euler's SARATOGA CHIPS**

Tastes like no other food, is not a breakfast food, but just a deliciously appetizing, wafer-like delicacy, containing solid nourishment, always ready to eat. Neatly boxed. All grocers, 10c, 20c.

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Fits the body. Rests you all over at once. Never sags. Ventilated. Recommended by physicians. Get one and sleep right.

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The surest way to get the best value is to buy a "Hagar Shoe." The most stylish, best wearing, handsomest, and most comfortable shoe made.

"HAGAR SHOES" are made in Men's, Women's, and Children's, and are sold in this city only by

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Late of the Elliott House, Toronto



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Confectionery

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THEY ARE THE BEST

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There is no other salt  
for table use that can  
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## Windsor SALT

It is absolutely pure—  
never cakes—and is  
always the same.

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**CLARK'S**  
Ready Lunch  
**Veal Loaf**  
made from carefully  
selected veal, eggs and  
savory herbs and then  
perfectly cooked—most  
appetizing—can be sliced  
thin as wafers for sand-  
wiches.

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MONTREAL 6-1-06

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The following is a complete list of full  
accredited graduates in Osteopathy prac-  
ticing in the city, excepting only such a  
may be identified in any way with those  
claiming to be Osteopaths who hold COR-  
RESPONDENCE diplomas. By fully accredited  
osteopaths is meant those who have grad-  
uated from fully equipped and regular;  
inspected colleges of osteopathy whose  
course calls for actual attendance at  
lectures for at least four terms of five months  
each.

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Carpets taken up, cleaned and  
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## Superfluous Hair Removed by the New Principle De Miracle

A revelation to modern science. It is the only  
scientific and practical way to destroy hair.  
Don't waste time experimenting with electrolysis,  
X-ray and depilatories. These are offered you  
on the BARK WORLD of the operators and manu-  
facturers. De Miracle is not. It is the only  
method which is endorsed by physicians, surgeons,  
dermatologists, medical journals and prominent  
magazines. Booklet free, in plain sealed en-  
velope. The Miracle mailed, sealed in plain wrap-  
per, for \$1.00 by De Miracle Chemical Co., 1015  
Park Ave., New York. Your money back without  
question (no red tape) if it fails to do all that is  
claimed for it. For sale by all first-class drug  
stores, department stores and  
The Robert H. Johnson Co., Limited,  
Toronto.



AFTER reading the remarks of  
Mrs. Eichborn, or whatever  
is the name of the United  
States lady who embraced  
young Hobson and pounced  
upon old Carnegie with a chaste sa-  
lute, one feels that it would be to the  
public interest to appoint an official  
national kisser, to meet and operate  
upon every person of note  
who favors us with a visit.  
Carnegie says, no-he never kissed,  
but was saluted without even  
"by your leave"; as to Hobson, he  
seems to have been so paralyzed by  
Mrs. E.'s smack that the hundreds  
who followed her made no further im-  
pression. The official kisser should  
be over twenty-five, reasonably plump,  
fairly tall, with a rosy pair of lips,  
and, if possible, a dimple or two.  
The committee selecting this new  
functionary should be composed of  
men, because the kisser-in-chief-to-  
the-Dominion will meet mostly that  
sex among distinguished visitors, and  
their taste should be duly consid-  
ered. Any frivolity of demeanor or  
mental attitude should be sternly ta-  
boooed, the official kiss is no puss-in-  
a-corner business, but a serious, sweet,  
and convincing testimony to our na-  
tional hospitality. A duly complete  
and lucid description of the various  
sorts of response to the official kiss  
would give a clue to character which  
no amount of observation, quizzing,  
or other test could afford, and should  
be carefully filed among our most  
valued records. Can you picture to  
yourself a second Mrs. Eichborn,  
calmly dissecting the osculatory pro-  
cess of a Royal young person, a pub-  
lic benefactor, an authority on  
Roentgen rays, or a lecturer on bacte-  
ria, the whole-souled kiss of a  
breezy Western cattle king, or the  
"brush-by" of a preoccupied scientist,  
the dainty kiss of the gallant diplo-  
mat, or the shy and nervous salute  
of the princeling or dukelet, or other  
titled youngling, upon whom our own  
Mrs. Eichborn would alight with  
gentle osculation? The United States  
said the Hobson kiss was "imma-  
ture" and the Carnegie salute "satis-  
factory." There are many other ad-  
jectives worthy of employ, one to  
suit every sort of smack ever achiev-  
ed, and the subject opens such fasci-  
nating vistas for all concerned that it  
is to be hoped when Parliament has  
done rooting in State scandals, shoot-  
ing motor-cars off the earth, and  
bullying lady nurses, it will consider a  
speedy appointment.

On Easter Sunday morning I went,  
among other places, to the Vedanta  
Society's home in 71st street, New  
York, and heard a discourse on "How  
to Breathe," by the Swami Abhedan-  
anda. While many eloquent and beau-  
tiful Easter sermons were preached to  
New Yorkers that morning, nothing  
more suggestive, practical and help-  
ful was said elsewhere than fell from  
the lips of the quiet, but deeply im-  
pressive, Swami. For many of the ills  
we suffer, deep and regular breathing  
brings a cure, and for fatigue, de-  
pression, languor, nervousness, and  
mental cloudiness, deliberate and  
thorough expansion and reduction of  
the entire apparatus for gathering the  
health-giving oxygen is the only rem-  
edy everyone should have. To thor-  
oughly ventilate the lungs is a part  
of beauty.

This is old news to many of us, who  
have quelled passion, restored peace,  
cleared away difficulties, and averted  
confusion by simply lying flat and  
breathing as instructed, some fifty or  
more times. When one is quite done  
out and incapable, the breathing exer-  
cises restore and repose quicker than  
anyone who has not practised them  
could believe. An article by Dr. Kel-  
logg about how we breathe when  
asleep appeared the other day in  
"Good Health," and the cool room, the  
fresh air, and the position during sleep  
take on renewed importance after  
perusing his words. I believe the  
Vedantist's address on "Breathing" is  
published, and should be read and  
studied by all who wish to live the  
best and happiest way.

Have you run through Mrs. Hodg-  
son Burnett's last little story, "The  
Dawn of a To-morrow"? If not, it  
won't be lost time while you do so.  
There is a run of stories such as this  
one and "Saints in Society" which  
shows poverty as it is—where one goes  
slumming in one's rocking-chair, with  
safety and success. I have quite a  
collection of stories about very poor  
people, which I find much more con-  
vincing than those concerning the up-  
per ten. Mrs. Hodgson Burnett has  
given half a dozen flashlight pictures  
in her graphic story. Glad, the red-  
headed waif, looking forward, rueful  
but resigned, to a life on the streets  
when she's old enough; Miss Jinny,  
the wonderful old danseuse who, in  
the winter of a reprobate life, wakens  
up to a glorious faith and inspiration;  
the "curick," poor little churchman,  
and the inventor-thief, whose case is  
poignant indeed. Strung on an origi-  
nal sort of experience are these and  
others, and the little story ends with

Every yard of the genuine  
"Cravenette" bears this trademark



Whether you buy the cloth, or  
the Rain Coat readymade, always  
look for the "Cravenette" trade-  
mark in order to get the genuine;  
which is guaranteed rainproof.

a pleasant possibility for each of  
them.

I have never been a bit impressed  
by the yarn of the sword of Dam-  
ocles. It isn't a sharp sword half  
the time, and if the hair suspending  
it does break, ten to one it glances off  
and doesn't do a thing to one! There  
are persons going in terror and misery  
all their days because they know of  
that sword hanging high! The man  
or woman who "may die any minute"  
with heart trouble, and lives to  
ninety; the woman who is in terror of  
burglars and who, never in her life,  
was robbed of even a hairpin; the man  
who is jealous of his wife, and wakens  
every morning with a new mistrust  
and misery, expecting that day sure-  
ly will bring his undoing; the woman  
who dreads illness; and the man who  
is in fear of poverty, each has a pri-  
vate swordlet hanging by the finest  
of hairs, wearing out the forces of  
life in futile apprehension. How  
much jollier to flout the whole danger,  
to say, "If it falls, it falls!" and let  
it go at that. For months I have  
had a small dull-edged sword hang-  
ing high, and when it did fall it  
didn't even shave an eyelash off, which  
has given me nerve to say, "Hang the  
sword of Damocles!" a quite super-  
fluous observation.

LADY GAY.



The above Coupon must accompany every  
graphological study sent in. The Editor re-  
quests correspondents to observe the follow-  
ing Rules: 1. Graphological studies must  
consist of at least six lines of original matter,  
including several capital letters. 2. Letters  
will be answered in their order, unless under  
unusual circumstances. Correspondents need  
not take up their own and the Editor's time  
by writing reminders and requests for haste.  
3. Quotations, scraps, or postal cards are not  
studied. 4. Please address Correspondence  
Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by  
Coupon are not studied.

Ann Oldmaid.—I am glad one  
Scorpio child has the sense to know  
her advantages. November is an ex-  
cellent month, and a properly developed  
Scorpio woman, one of the most  
interesting of her sex. You are  
frank and cordial, ambitious, buoyant,  
bright in perception, very self-reliant,  
adaptable, original, and with fine  
sense of humor. It is the hand of  
an energetic, enterprising, and inde-  
pendent person. The writer should  
make her presence felt wherever she  
may be. The mind is fairly logical  
and retentive, but not fond of involved  
or lengthy discussion, and the temper  
is fine.

Marie.—May you have a joyous  
birthday on the 21st. You are not  
the thoroughly joyous sort, though, a  
very marked touch of discouragement  
running through your study. This is  
perhaps a legacy from the sign im-  
mediately preceding Gemini (under  
which you come). Taurus rules to  
May 20, and one of its weak points is  
a certain streak of morbid depression.  
A Gemini child often seems to have  
a dual nature, and its wishes are  
sometimes contradictory. The Gemini  
people are generous, courteous, affec-  
tionate, and kind. It was amusing  
that you confessed to liking your old  
home best, and yet fancied that were  
you back there you'd find you pre-  
ferred the new one. So like a Gemini  
that would be! You should be execu-  
tive, and apt at planning and design-  
ing, and work best when left to your-  
self. You should also be very fond  
of color, of flowers, and beauties of  
art and nature. Your writing shows a  
fine, decided, and practical pur-  
pose, with the will and the power to  
rule, and very cautious and discreet  
dealings with others. You are not  
long-headed nor very reasonable.

Estelle.—October's child, nor any  
other child, isn't "born for woe."  
What crazy old rhymes still walk  
abroad! I should fancy teaching or  
routine work of any similar nature  
would suit you. There is little domi-  
nance or inspiration suggested by your  
writing; in fact it isn't really develop-  
ed into eloquence. You are remark-  
ably level-headed and practical for a  
Libra, although Libra folk are apt to  
take things from a material and lit-  
eral standpoint. Your lines show  
kindness and sympathy, neatness, not  
much sentiment, but a good deal of  
sensitivity. You should be just,  
and rather intuitive. Excellent dis-  
cretion and very sweet temper are  
also suggested.

Sandy.—My dear Scotty, how could  
I "talk right from the shoulder"?  
There are no shoulders but my own  
handy, and if there were, the owners  
might object to my using them as a  
sounding-board. Your writing shows  
plenty of energy, vitality, and snap,  
with enough sentiment for an August  
man, and enough caution to balance it  
safely. You have the persistence  
necessary for your work, and also  
ease and facility of expression, good  
method, pleasant temper, discretion,  
plausibility, generally practical nature,  
with some carelessness of detail—an  
ingratiating rather than compelling  
type. I should fancy you capable of  
putting up a fine front, and very like-  
ly achieving success. You ask what  
faults I have to find with you. The  
astrologer tells you that Leo faults  
are cunning, trickiness, hot-headed-  
ness, prejudice, inconstancy, and too  
great susceptibility. Take your choice.

Airy Fairy.—What vocation? There  
is a good deal of character in your  
writing, but Aries does not here seem  
to have escaped caprice and impetu-  
osity. There is scarcely a line in your  
study suggesting careful thought. It  
is self-willed and impatient from start  
to finish, but full of magnetism and  
the intensity of the true Aries. Your  
best development will only be reached  
through earnest, honest self-discipline.  
At present you have not attained the  
rhythmic swing which will generate a  
magnetic power second to none, but  
the royally-gifted Aquarius. Your  
writing shows very plainly the need of

quiet, steady repression of impulse un-  
til reason has a chance to guide it  
aright. A true Aries loves beauty,  
order, harmony, and elegance. You  
have a lot to work on, and may be  
a grand personality if you truly take  
yourself in hand.

Peg.—April 29th brings you under  
Taurus, the leading earth sign. Your  
writing strikes me as only in the  
formative state. It has faults which  
may merely be those of youth, and I  
think it had better wait a while. There  
is a merit in it of concentration and  
candor, with independence of mental  
process, all the same.

Alex.—February 28th brings you  
under Pisces, a water sign. This is  
the sign of a deep, hidden love na-  
ture, anxious to give to all who need,  
fond of beauty in art and nature, with  
an eye to the placidly picturesque.  
They are loyal to their friends, whom  
they idealize, generous, pure-minded,  
and deeply religious.

### Politeness.

The little girl had been assiduously  
instructed in the arts and graces of  
courtesy, and when she told her mam-  
ma how the strange boy at the party  
had kissed her she did it with a de-  
mure, reserved air that would have  
delighted her mamma under other  
circumstances. "And he kissed me,"  
she said.

"Kissed you?" the mamma exclam-  
ed. "And you, Gladys—what did you  
do?"

"Mamma, I didn't forget my polite-  
ness. I said 'Thank you.' "Judge."

### No Kowtowing There.

They tell this on former Governor  
George Hoadley of Ohio:

Once upon a time, in the midst of  
a campaign, Mr. Hoadley was to de-  
liver a speech at a little town in the  
great and glorious Buckeye State.

When he reached the one hotel the  
town boasted he walked up to the  
register and wrote his name. The  
proprietor-head-porter-steward-head-  
waiter-depot-runner was behind the  
desk in his shirt-sleeves, his hat on  
the back of his head, and a cigar-  
stump held between his teeth. When  
the visitor had put down his John  
Hancock, the factotum turned the  
register around, read without a flicker  
of an eyelid the name there written,  
wrote "10" beside it with a lead-pen-  
cil, and said:

"You kin jest take yer grip right  
up that stairway there an' back down  
th' hall clean to th' end. Yer room  
's right on th' left-hand side of th'  
hall, in th' corner—number 10."

With considerable astonishment  
and not a little injured dignity, Ohio's  
chief executive pointed to his name,  
smiled faintly, and said:

"I am George Hoadley."

"Yep; I notice," said the rustic  
without turning a hair. "An' yer  
room 's right there at th' end of th'  
hall—number 10. Can't miss it."

With more hauteur, and almost  
quivering with outraged importance,  
the guest said impressively:

"I am George Hoadley, governor  
of the State of Ohio!"

Turning then with a look of ex-  
asperated impatience on his face, the  
hotel man exclaimed:

"Well, what d'ye expect me t' do—  
kiss yer?"—"Puck."

### Identified.

A. G. Hales, the war correspondent,  
wrong in London "Opinion and To-  
Day," on the unequal talent to be  
found in the House of Commons, tells  
a story he heard of a coxcomb who  
was once mistaken for Bernard Shaw.  
He and Mr. Shaw were in the same  
Turkish bath, lying on slabs, with  
towels over their faces. The attend-  
ant came along and touched the cox-  
comb on the shoulder. "Ready, Mr.  
Shaw?" he said. The coxcomb bound-  
ed to his feet, all aglow with  
pleasure at being mistaken for a man  
of intellect. After he had been  
rubbed down he gave the attendant  
half a sovereign, for so full was he  
of the pride that goeth before a fall.  
As he turned to go he said: "Er—  
my man—er—what made you mistake  
me for Bernard Shaw?" The attend-  
ant grinned. "Er—well, sir, you see  
sir, you 'ave the same sized  
feet."

### ONE IN THREE

Every Third Person Poisoned by  
Coffee.

It is difficult to make people believe  
that coffee is an absolute poison to  
at least one person out of every three,  
but people are slowly finding it out,  
although thousands of them suffer  
terribly before they discover the fact.

A New York hotel man says:  
"Each time after drinking coffee I  
became restless, nervous, and excited,  
so that I was unable to sit five min-  
utes in one place, was also inclined to  
vomit and suffered from loss of sleep,  
which got worse and worse."

"A lady said that perhaps coffee  
was the cause of my trouble, and  
suggested that I try Postum Food  
Coffee. I laughed at the thought  
that coffee hurt me, but she insisted  
so hard that I finally had some  
Postum made. I have been  
using it in place of coffee ever  
since, for I noticed all my  
former nervousness and irritation  
disappeared. I began to sleep per-  
fectly, and the Postum tasted as good  
or better than the old coffee, so what  
was the use of sticking to a beverage  
that was ruining me?"

"One day on an excursion up the  
country I remarked to a young lady  
friend on her greatly improved ap-  
pearance. She explained that some  
time before she had quit using coffee  
and taken Postum. She had gained  
a number of pounds and her former  
palpitation of the heart, humming in  
the ears, trembling of the hands and  
legs and other disagreeable feelings  
had disappeared. She recommended  
me to quit coffee and take Postum,  
and was very much surprised to find  
that I had already made the change."

"She said her brother had also re-  
ceived great benefits from leaving off  
coffee and taking on Postum Food  
Coffee."

"There's a reason."

## A REFINED TASTE APPRECIATES

# "SALADA"

CEYLON TEA

Gold Label

Of all grocers at 60c. per pound.  
Highest Award St. Louis, 1904.

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Durability, pure, singing quality,  
responsiveness of touch and an un-  
rivalled tone are some of the charac-  
teristics of the

HEINTZMAN  
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(Made by Ye Olde Firme of  
Heintzman & Co., Limited)

Its beautiful singing quality, tone  
and wonderful touch have made it  
pre-eminently the Artist's piano.

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HEINTZMAN & CO. LIMITED  
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If you are going to require Wed-  
ding Stationery of any kind con-  
sult us about this important matter.

Our long experience in producing work of the highest  
class for the most discriminating patrons has brought  
us to the point where we are regarded as authorities.  
The correct style in stationery as dictated by fashion  
is always on hand at "THE BOOKSHOP," and our en-  
graving is above criticism.

It is worth while finding out what extremely high-grade  
Wedding Stationery we turn out at desirable prices.

WM. TYRRELL & CO.

7 and 9 King Street East

TORONTO



Years spent in wandering and  
gathering amongst the Old Country  
mansions and farm-houses of Eng-  
and and the Continent have brought  
together a unique collection of genu-  
ine Sheraton, Chippendale and Old  
French Furniture, Sheffield Plate,  
Old Brasses, Bronzes, Cut Glass, Old  
Silver, etc.

B.M. & T. Jenkins  
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Toronto.

Montreal.

London, Eng.



## One of Three Things Always Cause RHEUMATISM

Do you know the system rids itself of waste matter through bowels and kidneys? Yes, but by the skin as well.

As a matter of fact, the skin rids the system of more urea than the kidneys do.

If the skin, or bowels, or kidneys are unhealthy—they won't throw off enough urea. This urea is changed into uric acid—carried by the blood to joints and nerves—causing Rheumatism.

One never inherits Rheumatism. One does inherit weak kidneys, irregular bowels and bad skin action.

## Fruit-A-Tives

OR "FRUIT LIVER TABLETS"

will positively cure Rheumatism because they increase the eliminating action of skin, kidneys and bowels—and make these three organs so vigorous and healthy that there can be no urea or waste retained in the system to poison the blood and irritate the nerves.

FRUIT-A-TIVES are fruit juices, combined with tonics—the whole forming the most effective cure for Rheumatism.

50c. a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50. Sent on receipt of price if your druggist does not handle them.

FRUIT-A-TIVES LIMITED • OTTAWA.



Fine English Flannel Outing Shirts, which are made without pleats and monogram placed on deep flap on the breast pocket. Most of the better kind are fitted with French turn-back cuffs and a soft collar of the same material is usually preferred. The collar has eyelets in it. A gold safety pin is used to hold the cravat in place.

This latter style has become selectively popular for all out-door pastimes.

We have a very large assortment of these in neat check and stripe designs. Prices ranging from \$2.00 up.

**Wreyford & Co.**

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Sole Agents For Toronto

Dr. Jaeger's Woollen Specialties

## LIGHT and AIRY

Tourist cars on the Union Pacific are clean and light and airy. Overcrowding in them is a condition that is absolutely avoided. The seats are upholstered in rattan, and at night the berths hung with heavy curtains. Bevel plate glass windows ornament the sides of the cars; the wide vestibules are enclosed and traveling is made altogether comfortable.

If you cross the continent in one of the tourist sleepers of the Union Pacific you will enjoy your trip and save considerable money.

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## MEN'S ATTIRE

DOUBT if there is a man with anything approaching natural instincts who considers the necessity of a new hat with pleasure, or even with equanimity. There is something so aggravating, so nerve-straining, in the helplessness of a member of the stronger sex, when he tries to contemplate himself from the side and to reconcile side with front views, with nothing but a triplicate mirror and his inexperience with the pesky things to assist him. Put a woman in one of those three-sided mirrors and she settles at once into the position where she can see all sides of herself at once. Any woman is a personal friend of any triplicate mirror on a moment's notice. But a man! Unless he has that rare faculty of looking wiser he feels, the salesman knows that he makes his selection after seeing only a front elevation of himself hatted, and a dreamy vision of a corner view of something with a hat on that might be the salesman or a customer in the next store.

The man who can look wise without cause is more often wise enough to take a tasty friend with him when he purchases a hat—some real friend whose good nature carries a large tag. Seriously, no man should select his hat alone, and just as seriously, I dislike few honorary positions more than that of chief inspector at a hat purchase.

Man shows more varieties of his species in no other act than in his selection of his hat. Each one has his peculiarity somewhere deep down in his nature—and the hatter gets the benefit of it. One man will buy a hat as he would a package of garden seed—messenger boy—"Kindly duplicate order given last November"—new hat to office next day. Another will carefully examine the window, pick out the shape that suits him best, give his size, and walk away with the hat. Still another will don his most imposing Gentlemen-I-solicit your-vote-for-good-government-and-honest-politics look, ask for size seven, closely examine the band, critically view himself in the frame of one of the mirrors, and walk out feeling that he has made a sufficiently momentous occasion of it, although he has a hat that will send his wife into tears when he gets home. Then there is the man who doesn't care what he wears, but is satisfied with the clerk's selection. And the worst of all is he who, before he has finished, has all the stock piled around him, has fractured a few crowns to test their quality, has exhausted the entire establishment and the clerks, and has selected six different styles as the best suited to his peculiar style of beauty, at the same time frowning down the impudence of the clerk who suggests tossing up as a final solution.

It might be said that there is no alteration in the style of hats worn this spring. The black derby, as for

years, adorns about nine tenths of the men, and is of that staple shape which might be described as medium in every particular—medium width brim, medium height crown, fairly well rounded off—the hat a man can wear until it is not fit to wear. At present, however, there is developing a greater demand for the flatter brim, which was favored about three years ago. Whether this will become strong enough to be called the style, time alone can tell, but it certainly is time for a change if something presentable can be introduced.

The brown derby has suffered small fluctuations for two years. It has been accepted by a few men for spring and fall wear, but it gains few more followers as the seasons go by. Those who have tried it have found that the felt in a brown hat is more durable than that in a black. The odd thing about the brown hat that is favored is that the shade is not that deep, rich brown which made brown suits popular some years ago, but a rather light, faded-looking shade that as a color is anything but slight. The only explanation is that we have followed the English style without comment.

This year we are going to have the pearl derby shown us as a novelty, but it will be more attractive in the hatters' window than on the head. Even the pearl high hat is proclaimed as the very latest. It is a most elegant hat—for the "bookies" and "bounders." The Woodbine races should bring out a few, and perhaps will. I have seen one on a man who is neither bookie nor bounder, but did I not know him it would be undoubtedly a case of mistaken identity. These odd shades reached the limit last year, when some United States makers boomed the "serge blue" derby, and sold it fairly well over there, but I saw only one in Canada, and that was on a Pullman car porter.

Fedoras are gaining in strength, especially among the younger set. The shape is staple except in the "telescope," which is creeping slowly into prominence as a college boy's hat. Last year it was introduced, but failed to "catch on." This spring it is doing better in pearl shades. Few pearls have yet been worn, but the 24th of May promises to see them at their usual spring demand, and perhaps a little more. A bronze-green fedora was presented to us earlier in the season, and a few dozen sold in Toronto, but mostly to Yankees, who thought it a new Canadian idea, whereas it was brought from the States.

The cut shows the best silk hat shape, the popular black derby, which is tending to the flatter brim in the third design. The fourth hat is the favorite brown derby shape, the fifth the ordinary fedora, and the sixth the "telescope."

CHESTERFIELD, JR.



The Season's Hats.

dous partridge drives. The invitation did not include the Baron, and the Prince, of course, declined it for himself.

Here is a good story of Mr. Michael Maybrick, well known as Stephen Adams, a name under which he has composed many songs of world-wide fame. "For years he was one of the most popular baritone, and at this particular concert was down for 'The Midshipmite.' All went well until, thinking to help by turning over the music, he stretched out his hand. While doing so he began the refrain. 'With a long, long pull, And a strong, strong pull.' Unhappily, in moving his arm the cuff-link caught in the pianist's capillary covering. The audience promptly saw the hair gradually lifted from the head, and discovered to their amusement that it was a wig. The victim suddenly realized what was happening, clapped both hands on his head, and was just in time to 'effect a clever save.'"

## LADY BANK MANAGERS

"HOPE and believe that some day there will be in Canada a woman's bank, with women as manager and clerks."

So said, recently, Miss Naomi Farrell, manager of the woman's department (savings branch) of the Northern Bank, Winnipeg. This innovation among banks originated, I believe, in Toronto.

The Northern Bank, on Portage avenue, has splendid facilities for its feminine customers, and, though this department has only been open for three months, the lady manager has almost more than she can do to keep track of the moneys and bank-books brought in by her customers.

"The Woman's Room" is the legend on the glass door, and entering one finds oneself in a reception room, furnished in excellent taste—green brussels carpet, and writing-desk, table and chairs of stained oak. A palm in its red-wreathed jardiniere is on a stand nearby, and on the table are the latest magazines.



MISS NAOMI FARRELL, Manager Woman's Department, Northern Bank, Winnipeg.

Miss Farrell looks young indeed for such a responsible position, but that she likes and enjoys her work is very evident.

"It's so interesting to watch one's balance grow," she said. "I am awfully keen on making a good showing, and really the results have been most encouraging so far. I find women will come here to deposit small amounts—we will take anything over a dollar—sooner than they would go through the usual business of opening a deposit elsewhere. A woman is not naturally stupid about business. She is only unaccustomed to it, but when once difficulties are explained I find that few forget, and that most have a very good idea indeed of what they are doing."

"Married women do not save much, having probably objects in the home for their spare pennies, but girls in offices are fast obtaining very re-

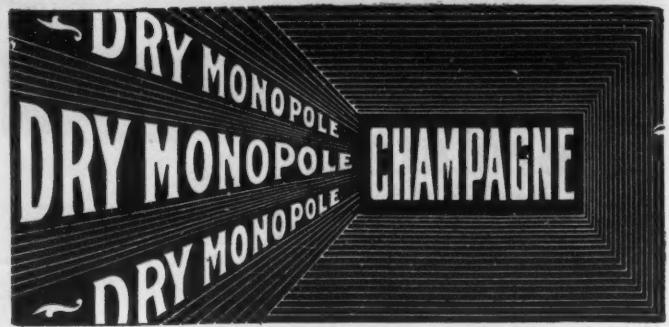


MRS. E. B. BUCHAN REESOR, Manager Women's Department, Crown Bank, Toronto.

spectable bank accounts. Another girl who saves is the waitress. All her tips and spare quarters go into her little box, and she takes a very keen interest in watching the sum total swell."

Miss Farrell is a well-known and very popular figure in Winnipeg society, but, like many others in the Western city, she has had training in business methods in her father's office, and has very triumphantly demonstrated that women have "heads for business" in a large way, as well as by weekly making ends meet after the manner of the practical housewife.

Mrs. E. B. Buchan Reesor returned from the United States early last March to accept the management of the women's department of the Crown Bank of Canada, a position that has only recently opened for women in



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the business world, and must be established and made a success by the women who are the first to undertake the responsibilities of it. The Crown Bank was the first financial institution to recognize officially the value of women's accounts, and, with the object of making banking pleasant for women and securing their patronage, fitted up and opened a room exclusively for women. So great a success has it proved, that other banks are already following the example. This new departure has been watched with a close, critical eye by business men, and its success marks a new era in banking business. There are already nine women on the staff of the Crown Bank, and, by proving faithful and accurate in their work, they have paved a way for others, and women bank clerks will soon become a recognized factor in the workings of the financial world.

Mrs. Reesor, who is a Canadian, although much of her organizing and journalistic work has been done in the United States, has, with her little boys, taken Mr. George Sisson Morphy's house in Avenue road, for the summer months.

The first witness called in a recent petty lawsuit was an Irishman, of whose competence as a witness opposing counsel entertained doubt. At their instance there was put to him, before being sworn, the usual interrogatory: "Do you know the nature of an oath?" A broad grin spread over the face of the Irishman, as he replied: "Indade, your Honor, I may say that it is second nature with me."

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THE popular American prima donna, Mme. Nordica, closed the concert season at Massey Hall on Tuesday evening with a recital, which was attended by about twenty-five hundred people. Mme. Nordica has had to cancel three of her concerts on her present spring tour, on account of soreness of the throat, and one would imagine that she had not thoroughly recovered from its effects, as in the earlier part of the recital her tone quality was somewhat uneven, while the voice sounded worn. Towards the close of the evening, however, she recovered to a great extent her old form, and aroused several spontaneous demonstrations of enthusiasm. Mme. Nordica has always been a charming vocalist. With a naturally bright and pure soprano voice, she has added much to its attractiveness and its potency by careful study and persevering effort. Artistically, she has her limitations; one would prefer the Gadsdi in music requiring subtlety or depth of interpretation. In a certain kind of music of a light sentiment, Mme. Nordica is probably unexcelled by any English-speaking cantatrice, her distinct enunciation of the words and vivacity of expression standing her in good stead. These qualities shone out to advantage in her delightful rendering of Moore's song, "When Love is Kind." Has anyone heard it sung with more characteristic charm? Mme. Nordica is well aware that this number is one of her best efforts, for she generally introduces it as an encore. Another favorite number of hers, Brunhilde's Call from the "Walkure," she once more offered in response to a recall, and again achieved a vocal feat, remarkable for the surety of her grasp of the notes, and for the preservation of tone quality throughout the wild flights, the trill, the weird carrying of the voice (the portamento), and the final, penetrating call note. Her rendering of Handel's "Angels Ever Bright and Fair," did not appeal to me so completely. It savored of lack of earnestness, intensity, and dignity. Technically it was perhaps beyond reproach. Hahn's "Si mes Vers" was given a finished and engaging delivery, and another popular triumph was scored in the "coon" song, "Mighty Lak a Rose." The Schumann "Waldesgesprach" was ostentatious in its dramatic effort, the singer resorting to theatrical gesture to emphasize the meaning. Mme. Nordica was recalled about a dozen times during the recital, and worked up to a climax near the close. One of her numbers was the Elizabeth air from "Tannhauser," Rubinstein's "Es blinck der Thau," and Bemberg's "A Toi." The solo pianist was Signor Patricolo, a brilliant executant, with an effusive style in his manner of attacking the instrument and leaving the keyboard in strenuous passages. He gave a smooth and finished rendering of the Chopin Nocturne, Op. 9, No. 2, and a virtuosic performance of the same composer's Polonaise, Op. 53. He resurrected the Thalberg Fantasia on airs from "Sonnambula," the rather old-fashioned bravura and Gottschalk's "Pasquinade." The accompanist was Mr. Romayne Simmons, who supported Mme. Nordica admirably.

The recital given by piano pupils of Mr. J. W. F. Harrison at the Conservatory of Music last Monday evening was attended by a large and appreciative audience, who thoroughly enjoyed the excellent programme offered. The Misses Ethel and Blanche Carswell, Miss Marjorie Hoig, Miss Winnifred Stalker, Miss Gertrude Carswell, Miss Lena Crosby, and Miss Mary McCarty all displayed good technique, as well as much sympathy and grace, in their highly-finished and conscientious rendering of selections by Liszt, Chopin, Schutt, Leschetizky and Mendelssohn, while delightful assistance was given by pupils in the vocal department of Dr. Ham. Mr. R. S. Pigott, and Mrs. J. W. Bradley. The following is the programme: Nereid (duet), Mazurka and Country Dance, Misses Blanche and Ethel Carswell; Liszt, Cantique d'Amour; Miss Gertrude Carswell; Gaul (vocal), "Come ye Blessed," Miss Mildred Shore (pupil of Mr. Pigott); Schutt, "Un peu Coquette," and Leschetizky, Mazurka, E flat, Miss Lena Crosby; Chopin, Impromptu, A flat, Miss Ethel Carswell; Gubinski (vocal duet), "The Fishermen," Mr. A. D. Armour and Mr. G. M. Ross (pupils of Dr. Ham); Leschetizky, Danse a la Russe, Miss Mary McCarty; Chopin, Bolero, Miss Winnifred Stalker; Lohr (vocal), "When Thou Art Near," Miss Grace Stone (pupil of Mrs. Bradley); Schutt, Etude Mignonne, and Chopin, Berceuse, Miss Blanche Carswell; Mendelssohn, Capriccio Brillante, Miss Marjorie Hoig, with orchestral accompaniment on second piano by Miss Mary McCarty.

A recital of piano, organ, and vocal music was given at the Toronto College of Music last Monday evening, when a number of talented pupils of Dr. Torrington were brought forward. Following were the piano numbers: Kohler Sonatina, Op. 20, Grutzmacher Albumblatt, Herbert Dainty; Rheinhold Impromptu, Op. 28, Chopin Valse, No. 5, Marion Porter; Chopin Nocturne, F minor, Wieniawski Valse, D flat, Lewietta Cairns; Chopin Impromptu, A flat, and Impromptu-Fantaisie, Molna O'Connor; Rachmaninoff Prelude, C sharp minor, Mendelssohn Andante and Rondo Capriccioso, Muriel Hall; and the Chopin Rondo, Op. 73, for two pianos, Mamie McDonald and Gertrude Anderson. Whilst all the pupils gave evidence of talent and ability, Miss Lewetta Cairns, Miss Muriel

Hall, and Miss Molna O'Connor deserve special commendation for their work. The vocal numbers were: Elgar, "Like to the Damask Rose," Beggiani, "The Flower Girl," Nellie Van Camp; Donizetti, "O mio Fernando," Katherine Ellis; Mendelssohn, "Hear My Prayer," Margaret Casey; Smart, "The Lord is My Shepherd," Olive Scholey and Eveline Ashworth. Organ: Bach Prelude and Fugue, No. 3, Salome Offertory in D flat, Buck Larghetto, Andante, Allegretto, J. E. Jordan.

Miss Emily Selway, A.T.C.M., who has filled with great acceptance the position of contralto soloist in Bloor street Presbyterian church for nearly two years, has resigned, and has accepted a similar position in Ross street Presbyterian church, Brooklyn, N.Y. She left on Wednesday to fulfill the duties of her new position.

The annual concert of the Toronto College of Music, Mandolin, Banjo, and Guitar Club in Association Hall on Wednesday evening of last week, attracted an audience that filled the auditorium. The club, which consists of about forty members, under the direction of Mr. G. F. Smedley, has made remarkable progress in the technique of their instruments. They played a selection from grand opera, and many popular and genre pieces, which were rendered with admirable accuracy, careful light and shade, and good attack. A very pretty number was the sextette arrangement of Koschat's "Verlassen bin Ich," for mandolins, mandola, Italian lute and harp-guitar, which made quite a hit. As an encore, the "Sleep, Gentle Mother," from "Trovatore," was given with seizing effect. The Arion Banjo Trio contributed a number of pieces, in which they showed considerable skill in handling their instruments. Assistance was given the club by Mr. J. H. Cameron, reader; Mrs. Marietta Ladell, elocutionist; Paul Hahn, solo cello; and Miss Emily Scott, soprano, all of whom won pronounced successes.

The highly talented pupil of Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, Miss Cornelia Heintzman, was heard in recital last week at the Conservatory of Music Hall before a large gathering of musical people. Miss Heintzman gave a varied programme, that afforded an exacting test of her powers. She acquitted herself with honor, revealing a beautiful tone, an elastic touch, and most brilliant execution. Assistance was given by Miss Agnes Parker, a pupil of Mr. R. S. Pigott, who sang very attractively, and Mr. W. G. Rutherford, violinist, pupil of Mr. Adamson, who reflected much credit upon his teacher.

An Oshawa correspondent writes: "The second concert of the season of the Oshawa Choral Society, under the efficient leadership of Mr. W. F. Pickard, organist of Bloor street Baptist church, Toronto, was given in the Music Hall on Tuesday evening, 9th inst. Nearly every seat in the house was occupied, and the audience thoroughly appreciated the work of this well-balanced chorus of seventy-five voices, consisting entirely of the town's own talent. Since its first concert, given in February, the chorus has made marked improvement in the quality of tone and the harmonious blending of voices, as well as in precision of attack and execution. "Scots Wha Hae," the opening selection, was most creditably rendered, while "Babylon's Walls" was even more appreciated. The "Ave Maria," from Mendelssohn's "Loreley," for the ladies, with the obligato, sung by Mabel Manley Pickard of Toronto, also deserves distinction and praise. The chorus won their greatest success and triumph in their rendering of the finale to the first act of Mendelssohn's opera, "Loreley." This number was given in a manner which left little room for improvement or criticism. The chorus was assisted in this work by an orchestral accompaniment, which gave strong coloring to the choral effects. Mabel Manley Pickard won a distinct triumph in the difficult solos and obligato of this number. Mr. Pickard's work as conductor for this society, which is largely the result of his persevering energy, is deserving of the highest praise, and the people of Oshawa appreciate his efforts for the promotion of the love and culture of good music in their midst. Mr. George Fox, violinist, and Mr. J. Ruthven McDonald were also soloists for the evening."

An enjoyable concert was given on Monday evening in the Guild Hall, when Miss Alice Edwards, Scottish soprano, from Glasgow, Scotland, assisted by a few of our best local artists, appeared and delighted the audience with Scottish song and story. Miss Edwards captivated her hearers with her enunciation and Scottish dialect, especially in her rendering of "The Auld Scotch Songs," "Bonnie Prince Charlie," "Tyrolean Lullaby," with mandolin accompaniment, and her singing of "Home, Sweet Home." Miss Selway is possessed of a rich contralto voice, and she sang her encore song, "A May Morning," with good effect. Mr. Gordon Muir, entertainer, and Mr. S. W. Cocker, baritone, were well received. Mr. George E. Fax, humorist, was, as usual, in great demand. His recitals and songs were greatly enjoyed. Miss McKay, pianist, played a stirring Scotch selection, and also acted as accompanist.

Some new documents relating to the death of Schubert are printed in the "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik." His friend Schöber, on receiving notice of his death, wrote: "I wept over him as if he had been a brother, but now

I think he is fortunate to have died in his greatness and got rid of his grief. The more I now see what he was, the more I comprehend what he suffered." Schubert had expressed the desire to be buried near Beethoven; but as the plot belonged to another, his father and brother, both poor, had to pay 70 florins extra. The father also had to pay 123 florins for a debt contracted by his son, and another 269 florins for the expenses of his last illness. This illness was typhoid fever, and its fatal termination was hastened by the dampness of the new house he was living in, and the ignorance of his doctor, who allowed him to correct proofs and talk with friends when absolute quiet was imperative.

It is well known that the German Emperor dislikes modern music. He prefers Gluck to Wagner, and as for Richard Strauss, he is glad to have him as one of the royal conductors, but thinks he is no sort of a composer. It is also well known—in Berlin, at any rate—that the Kaiser never attends concerts. The other day he made an exception to this rule, by going to hear the Philharmonic chorus in Bach's B minor mass. He remained till the end, too, although it was given without cuts. Many of the other hearers left after the "Credo," and Dr. Leopold Schmidt points out those who did so were among the sincerest admirers of Bach, who simply left because their respectivity had been exhausted. The B minor mass is considered one of the grandest, if not the grandest, choral work in existence, but it is too long, and as it has weak numbers, these, Dr. Schmidt argues, should be cut out. "The best way," he says, "to serve the beautiful in art is to confine ourselves in general to selections."

R.S.V.P. writes about the Cincinnati Music Festival as follows: The seventeenth Biennial Music Festival at Cincinnati, beginning May 1st, and ending with two concerts May 5th, was a triumph for George H. Wilson (known to Toronto as the manager of the Pittsburgh Orchestra), and an ovation for Sir Edward Elgar. Despite dissensions which threatened to disrupt chorus, orchestra and guarantors, and in the face of great ordinary and extraordinary expense, the festival was gloriously successful, both artistically and financially. Wilson's master stroke was an invitation to Elgar to come over and conduct his "Apostles" and "The Dream of Gerontius." No expense was spared to give the honored guest everything he could desire in the way of soloists, orchestra, and extra rehearsals. With one or two exceptions the soloists were selected and trained by the composer; the orchestra numbered 110 (thirty of whom came from the Pittsburgh Orchestra), and a large percentage of the chorus was paid. Mme. Louise Homer was unable to appear, as she had not recovered from her terrible experience at San Francisco, but her place was most satisfactorily filled by Miss Janet Spencer, who gained the hearty approbation of composer and public. Two Toronto favorites, Mrs. Rider-Kelsey and Mr. Witherspoon, also added laurels to their fame. Charles W. Clark (baritone) received the following tribute, written in a score of "The Apostles":

"To Charles W. Clark, with gratitude for a superb interpretation of Judas. Edward Elgar."

John Coates, the new tenor, was a decided disappointment, but Gadsdi, and that other magnificent artist, D. Ffrangcon-Davies, were perfect in voice and never sang better. At the last concert over eight hundred people could not get seats, and the vast audience gathered from all parts of the continent had an opportunity of contrasting a great work by a modern with the masterpiece of Beethoven. The programme began with Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius," conducted by himself, and closed with the Choral Symphony, conducted by Van der Stucken. If one had not recently heard the great performance given by the Mendelssohn Choir, under Paur's baton, the Symphony would have been very satisfactory, as it was to the majority of people. "The best chorus in twenty years" was heard all around. As this was the ninth time the work had been given there, they should know what they were talking about, but it lacked the distinction and inexhaustible depth of tone which have won for the Mendelssohn Choir its unique position among the great choruses of the world.

Mr. A. S. Vogt has been honored with a request to act as judge at the five-days festival of the American Saengerbund, which is to take place in one of the large Eastern cities of the United States in July. As Mr. Vogt leaves for Europe in June, he has been compelled to decline the responsible duties associated with the proposition.

In November last a Choral Society was organized in the town of Brampton, the first to be formed within the past twenty years. Mr. F. W. Wegenast, leader of the choir in St. Andrew's Presbyterian church, himself a musician of ability and experience, became conductor, and on Thursday and Friday, the 3rd and 4th of this month, the season's painstaking work culminated in two concerts, which were a surprise and delight to the music-loving people of the town. The chorus numbered over sixty voices, and considering the fact that most of the voices were previously untried and untrained, the effects obtained were remarkably good. Clear, strong, and well-balanced, the quality of tone produced was extremely pure, the shading nicely finished, and the different parts well sustained. The success of the initial concerts reflects great credit upon Mr. Wegenast, who is rapidly coming to the fore as a soloist and teacher. Mr. George Fox, violinist; Mr. Paul Hahn, cellist; and Mr. H. Reginald Abell of Woodstock, basso, assisted in the two concerts. Next season's work is already looked forward to with interest by music-lovers in the town.

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## GRAND CONCERT

St. George's Hall, Elm Street. Tuesday Evening, May 15th, 1906. At eight o'clock.

ARTISTS—J. M. Sherlock, Tenor; Mrs. J. Lillie, Soprano; Mrs. D. McCutcheon, Mezzo; Mr. W. Gillespie, Baritone; Miss M. Wright, contralto; Miss Mae Duncan, Reader; Troubadour Trio; Miss Muriel Lillie, Accompanist. TICKETS 25 CENTS.

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(Continued from page 5.)

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#### WACOUSTA.

In the year 1832, a Canadian novel called "Wacousta," written by Major John Richardson, was published in London, England. Successive editions have appeared from time to time—in 1833, 1840, 1851, 1868, and 1888—in London, New York, and Montreal. Yet another edition, with fine, full page illustrations from paintings by the well-known Canadian artist, Mr. Charles W. Jefferys, will appear this spring. A striking cover design by Mr. Jefferys will complete a setting in every respect worthy of the best Canadian romance.

The story is founded upon incidents connected with the attempt on Fort Detroit by the famous Indian chief, Pontiac (whom Parkman styles "the Satan of this sylvan paradise"), in the year 1763. The conspiracy of this treacherous warrior to possess himself of the various posts held by the English in the West, which was foiled, completed success only by the commandant at Detroit being forewarned, it is said, by a beautiful Indian girl, for whom an officer of the garrison had formed an attachment, gives the groundwork for a story replete with romantic and thrilling situations, vivid descriptive passages, and a rapidity of action that carries the reader along almost breathless to the close.

#### Breaking It Gently.

It was Willie's tenth birthday, and to celebrate the occasion his father had given him a watch.

"Now, Willie," he said to his delighted offspring, "I am going to have my bath. Don't break your ticker while I'm gone, will you?"

About ten minutes later there came a gentle tap at the bath-room door.

"Well, who's there?" growled Willie's dad.

"It's me, dad!" piped little Willie's voice. "I've broken my watch-glass!"

"Go away, you careless scamp! Don't worry me!" cried his father.

When he came out of the bath-room, it was to find little Willie patiently waiting on the stairs.

"Why did you want to come worrying me while I was in the bath?" he queried sharply.

"Well, dad, I thought I'd give you time to get over it," said little Willie.

"—Tit-Bits."

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**Social and Personal.**

The "Merry Month of May" has been acting like November this week, and on Wednesday the air was decidedly chilly when the guests gathered at the church of Our Lady of Lourdes to witness the marriage of Mr. Armand Gerhard Heintzman of Tannenheim and Miss Eleanor Kennedy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Kennedy of 268 Carlton street, which took place at eleven o'clock, Rev. Father Cruise officiating. The church was filled with guests and the invariable crowd which gathers for any wedding when the principals are well known, blocked the entrance and crowded the gallery where Dr. Torrington sat discoursing sweet music on the organ, while the company awaited the bride's coming. Mr. Armand Heintzman and his best man (and uncle) Mr. Frederick Killer, met the bride's procession at the chancel rail, as, led by the ushers, Mr. Frank Kennedy of Winnipeg, Mr. Daniel Kennedy, Jr., and Mr. Paul Ciceri, and preceded by her bridesmaids, Miss May Kennedy, who acted as maid of honor to her sister, and Miss Cornelia Heintzman, the bride was brought in by her father. Miss Kennedy wore a simple and dainty gown of *point d'esprit* over chiffon taffeta, with veil of tulle and trailing wreath of orange blossoms, which had done duty for the groom's mother also on her wedding day. A bouquet of Bride roses and lily of the valley, with shower of ferns tied with *bebe* ribbons, completed the girlish costume of the slight, dark-haired bride. The maid of honor wore white net and lace, over taffeta, with pointed girle of pink satin and hat of white lace with tiny pink roses as trimming, and carried pink roses. The bridesmaid was in pink net and hat with roses, and carried pink roses. The ceremony concluded, the bridal party and the guests drove to the home of the bride's parents, where Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy received at the entrance to the spacious drawing-room, and the bride and groom received congratulations amid flowers and palms, in the bay window. Sweet music from the harpers floated from the hall, and from the music-room beyond the drawing-room guests caught a glimpse of a charming buffet in the dining-room, which was soon the point of interest. Upstairs, a roomful of gifts with no clue to the donors, but very rich and artistic, were arranged. A "grandfather" clock from the employees of the groom's father, and a lovely solid silver tea and coffee service from Tiffany's, were two gifts everyone admired. A splendid collection of cut glass was arranged on a long table and last, though not a whit less precious than any, was a dainty pair of blue and white slippers, made for the bride by Mrs. Heintzman, Sr. (grandmother of the groom), who has been some time an octogenarian; candelabra in silver and brass, beautiful jeweled electric, china and artistic bowls and vases, half a dozen clocks, and all sorts of pretty things, were in profusion, so the nice home in Pine Hill road which Mr. Heintzman has bought for his bride will be worthily plenished in art and beauty. After the reception Mr. and Mrs. Heintzman left for a honeymoon in Eastern Canada, and amid the showers of confetti and good wishes was a glimpse of a pretty blue traveling gown and hat with pink roses and blue wings, in which the laughing bride made her escape. Mrs. Kennedy wore a rich black gown with mauve hat and ostrich boa. Mrs. Gerhard Heintzman wore a gown of black ribbon laced over pale green and hat to match. Her married daughter, Mrs. Bascome, and her handsome husband, and her engaged daughter, Miss Nelda, and her tall and fine-looking fiance, Mr. Palm, were of the family group from Tannenheim, certainly an attractive party. A great many invitations went to out of town friends, mostly too far away for acceptance.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard McMurray have returned from their honeymoon.

Mrs. Mortimer Clark received on Thursday afternoon at Government House from 4.30 to 6.30 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Lane have removed to Toronto, Mr. Lane having sold Belthorpe Grange, his Weston place.

The Log Cabin tea-room closes to-day for the season.

Mrs. Cattnach returned last week from Ottawa, where she spent several pleasant weeks, renewing old friendships and enjoying many hospitalities.

Mrs. Worthington had a small bridge on Tuesday at her parents' home in Dowling avenue.

Mrs. Stratford left on Tuesday for a summer in England, which she will spend with her sisters.

Mrs. John Ridout is entertaining her two grand-nieces, Mrs. Kingscote and Mrs. Wyndham, this week.

Mrs. Wenslowe and her daughter, Miss Elsie Willmore, are leaving on Tuesday for Lachine on a visit to Madame Pepin, and will go to Eastern Canada for the summer, taking a trip up the Saugenay.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Monroe have removed from Bonny Castle and taken a house in D'Arcy street, No. 71. Mr. and Mrs. Laycock have gone to Cobalt.

The marriage of Mr. Edwin Henry Kellogg and Miss Constance Louise Henderson is an interesting event of next Tuesday in Westminster church.

I heard a funny criticism of a startling hat by a quiet man the other day. After a vivid description thereof he ended earnestly, "If she should come to speak to me in King street with that hat on, I'd jump on the first car, no matter where it was going!"

Dr. and Mrs. Alton Garratt are sailing for Europe on the first of June. I hear Miss Norah Sullivan is to visit the Old Country at the same time.

Canon Welch is at St. George's rectory on a visit to Canon Cayley. Mrs. Welch and the children have gone to England.

Dr. and Mrs. Anderson of Newcastle announce the engagement of their only daughter, Miss Kate Anderson, and Mr. T. B. Neale, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Neale

of Faraday. The wedding will take place quietly at an early date.

Mr. Charles B. Powell, 44 Wellington place, announces the marriage of his daughter, Miss Agnes Emma May Powell, to Mr. Charles Arthur Bell of Toronto, on March 30th, 1906.

Nordica, radiant and sumptuously gowned in pink satin with scroll patterns of velvet brocade, crowned with a diadem of lovely diamonds, her matronly but perfect neck and shoulders gleaming snowy from a blaze of diamonds, huge turquoises, glowing rubies, orders and rare



MR. ARMAND GERHARD HEINTZMAN



MISS ELEANOR KENNEDY

laces, Nordica, whose queenly presence and admirable art always rouse a Toronto audience to a whirl of enthusiasm, Nordica, dramatic, wooing, winning, superb, did once more what she willed with us on Tuesday. When the wizard of an accompanist announced that she would, by request, sing *Brunhilda's Cry*, a sigh of delight went up, and a burst of clapping split the air. Toronto always wants that electrifying effort when Nordica sings. The concert was enjoyed by a huge audience, among whom were students like flower-gardens of "Mary quite contrary," in rows and rows. The various ladies' schools always add a charm to such audiences with pretty, bright young faces and light, girlish frocks. While many of Nordica's usual hearers were out of town there was a large percentage of music-lovers prominently present. The Misses Mortimer Clark occupied their usual places. Mrs. Arthurs, Mrs. and Miss Austin and Mrs. Victor Cawthra sat together to enjoy their friend's triumph. Mrs. Riddell in pale blue, and Mrs. C. C. James in primrose were in their usual seats. Mrs. and Miss Alexander of Bon Accord, Mr. and Mrs. George Hees, Mrs. and Miss Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. Christie, Mrs. Houston, and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Miss Merritt, Mrs. Anglin, Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt, Miss Sovereign, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Boyd, Miss Wornum, Madame Albertini, Mrs. Hellmuth, Mrs. Helliwell, Miss Falconbridge, the Misses McCutcheon, Miss Phillips, Miss Baines, Miss Gordon, Mrs. Ponton, Rev. J. P. Lewes, Rev. Canon Baldwin, Mr. Arthur Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse Jones were a few of those present.

Mr. Austin of "Spadina," who has been out of town, returned on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harris Hees have returned from their bridal trip, and are Mr. and Mrs. George Hees' guests, at 174 St. George street, where, I believe, Mrs. Hees will arrange a reception in honor of her charming new daughter for next Friday afternoon.

The sixth annual athletic meeting of St. Andrew's College will be held in Rosedale Athletic Grounds on the afternoon of May 17 at half-past two o'clock. Invitations were out this week for the event.

The U. C. C. annual athletic meeting takes place on May 18, at half-past two at the college, Mrs. Mortimer Clark having kindly promised to present the prizes. Mr. Grant's portrait of Major Churchill Cockburn, V.C., will be unveiled and presented to the college by his father, Mr. G. R. R. Cockburn, who was principal of Upper Canada College for many years.

Next Saturday will be the first day of the O. J. C. May meeting, and then will the King's Platers struggle for the glory and the guineas of the great race which has the usual possibilities of surprise this year. It is good news that Earl Grey and several other nobles will honor the event by their attendance. At time of writing more thoughts were at Holmstead, where the president of the O. J. C. lay near what it is feared will be the end of his life, than were given to the coming Meet. This fine old gentleman and sportsman has been the life and soul of every meeting since his acceptance of the presidency of the Club; his horse Lyddite won the first King's Plate, and whether winning or losing, Hendrie of Holmstead has ever been game to the core. His name will be a synonym of all that is honorable, sporty, genial, and enthusiastic so long as the O. J. C. exists, and as I said many of us are thinking oftener of him and his state than of the races he loved to see, and has perhaps seen for the last time.

The sad and unexpected death of Douglas Bertram, who just a year ago returned from a course of study in Germany, and has since delighted many critics with his beautiful music, shocked the musical community and his many other friends. The deepest sympathy is with his bereaved mother, who took such pride in her son's many gifts.

"A gentle soul into our circle strayed,  
And songs inspired with sweetest meaning played.  
Woo'd us to hear, appreciate and love,  
Then sought Diviner harmonies above."

Miss Beatrice Bridgland, eldest daughter of the late Dr. Bridgland of Bracebridge, and Mr. Walter Wily of Toronto are to be married on the twelfth of June.

Mr. George A. Reid was elected president of the Royal Canadian Academy at the annual meeting of the R. C. A. at Ottawa this week.

I wonder who furnished advance notes of the gown Nordica didn't wear on Tuesday?

**Apollinaris****"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS."**

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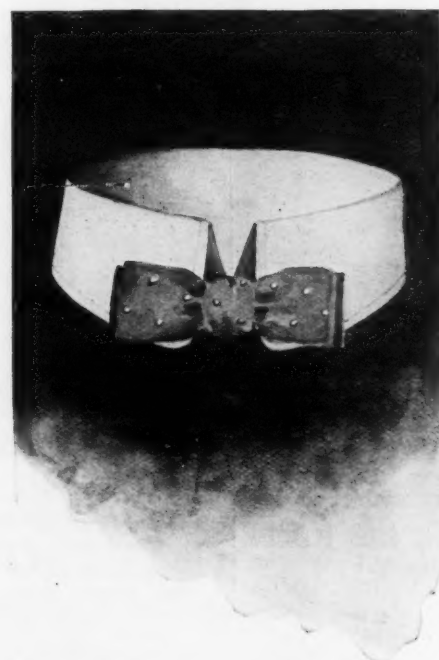
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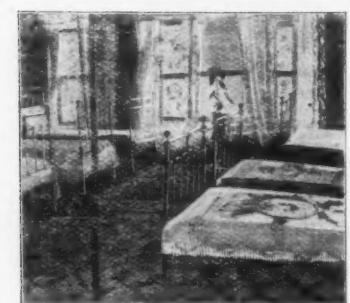
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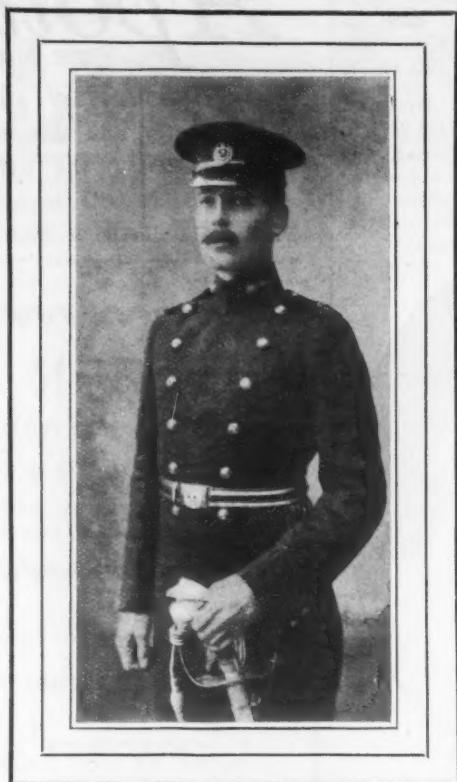
will make you look well and more youthful than you did a year ago. They banish lines and wrinkles, restore natural color to faded cheeks, remove discolorations and are most restful and beneficial.

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### YOUNG CANADIANS SERVING THE KING.

VIII.



W. GRANT TYRRELL,

Graduate R. M. C., Kingston, Ontario, 1903.  
Lieutenant Royal Engineers, England. Now doing special work at Exeter.

### Social and Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerhard Heintzman and their youngest daughter, Cornelia, the radiant little beauty whose two piano recitals last week gave some idea of her excellence as a musician, leave for Hamburg next week, and will spend some months abroad. Mrs. Heintzman still wore her injured right hand in a sling on Wednesday, result of a fall in her hall some weeks ago.

Mrs. Crossthaite and her fine little sons, Cameron and Terence, left on Thursday for the North-West to rejoin Mr. Crossthaite at the family home. On Tuesday evening Mrs. Mann, Mrs. Crossthaite, and Miss Maude Williams, three sisters, occupied seats in the first row at the Nordica concert, with a guest from Montreal accompanying them. Mr. and Mrs. Mann, Miss Williams, and Master Donald arrived home from England on May Day.

Mrs. John Hamilton of Quebec has been spending a short visit with her sister, Mrs. Walter Cassels, who gave a teatlet in her honor on Tuesday.

Miss Rowand, who is going to England shortly, will not be accompanied by her niece, Miss Dora, as the latter is to go to Helena, Montana, on a visit to her father, in company with her sister, when the latter arrives in Canada. Miss Rowand is, I believe, to rent her bijou little house in Crescent road, during her sojourn abroad.

Mrs. Thomas Tait and Miss Winifred Tait, who reached Vancouver from Australia early in the week, are, I believe, to be in Toronto to-day. Needless to say how anxiously their visit has been expected by Mr. and Mrs. Cockburn, and how rejoiced they will be to greet them. Before leaving Melbourne and Sydney Mrs. Tait was tendered a round of festivities and farewells in profuse hospitality. She has been, socially, as great a success in the Antipodes as her husband is in his administration of the Australian railways.

Mr. Curtis Williamson returned on Tuesday from Ottawa where one of his recent portraits is in the exhibition. During his April visit in New York he painted a portrait of Henri, the well-known artist, for the National Gallery in Gotham, in his own virile and dashing style.

Miss Labatt and Miss Ismena Labatt have been with Mrs. C. C. Baines in Cottingham street. Miss Ismena has gone to London, I believe, to purchase a house, where the two sisters will reside. They are native Londoners, and have many friends and relatives there.

Mrs. Lockhart and her daughter, Mrs. Hodgins of Cloynewood, leave to-day for a visit to relatives in Winnipeg.

News of the death of Mr. David Macpherson, son of the late Sir David Macpherson of Chestnut Park, reached Toronto early in the week from England. Mr. Macpherson left a wife, who was formerly of Truro, Nova Scotia, and one little daughter, Davida. I believe Mrs. Macpherson's relatives reside in England, where she will now make her home. During her recent visits to Toronto she was greatly admired.

Mrs. Featherston Aylesworth received on Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons this week. On the first afternoon a downpour of rain interfered with many intended visits, but on Wednesday, the day, though raw and cold, was dry. Mrs. Warren Burton assisted her daughter; Mrs. George Burton and Mrs. Ewart Osborne had charge of the tea-table, and Miss Hilda Burton and Miss Southam waited on the visitors. Mrs. Aylesworth has a charming *menage* in Macpherson avenue, and is a dainty little hostess.

The engagement of Miss Mary Osler, youngest daughter of Mr. E. B. Osler of Craighigh, and Mr. George Gibbons, only son of Mr. George Christie Gibbons of London, is among the interesting announcements of the month.

Madame Nordica's visit to Toronto was too brief to permit of any entertaining of the Diva by her friends. She came on the day of the concert and left after it was over. In the interim, while the city was deluged with rain, she remained in her private car which was side-tracked at the Union Station. Madame Nordica says she is returning in the autumn to Toronto for a season of grand opera at popular prices, and will be the star of a

worthy company of artists. This idea has already proved a financial and artistic success.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. A. Proctor sailed on the S.S. *Virginian* on the 10th, for a three months' trip to England, to visit Mrs. Proctor's mother.

Mrs. M. A. Thomas, Miss Edith McCollum, Dr. W. J. McCollum, and Mr. Walter G. Lumbers sailed for England last Saturday, where they will spend a few months.

Mrs. J. Bolton Reade and her brother, Mr. Arthur H. Edwards, are spending a couple of weeks at the Hotel del Monte, Preston Springs.

Miss Eveline Ashworth, pupil of Dr. Torrington, has been appointed soprano soloist in College street Presbyterian church.

The following are among those registered at Hotel del Monte: Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Grace, Mrs. Rutherford, Miss Rutherford, Mrs. Hartney, Miss Kathleen Hartney, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Sutton, Mrs. T. N. Miller, Mr. J. T. Montgomery, Mr. J. F. Briggs, Mr. J. H. McGregor, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Anderson, Master Murray Anderson, Mr. J. A. Newport, Mrs. J. B. Reade, Mr. A. H. Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Watts of Toronto; Captain and Mrs. Macnee, Miss Nora Macnee of Kingston; Mr. and Mrs. John Gray of Port Credit; Mr. W. J. Pearson, Mr. T. W. Stewart of London; Mr. John Guest of Montreal; Mr. E. Zeigler of Winnipeg; Mr. Thomas Christie of Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Young of Kenora, Man., announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Margaret Morton Young, to Mr. Silas Griffiths. The marriage is to take place early in June.

A large and appreciative audience assembled at St. George's Hall on Monday, May 7th, to witness the closing exercises of the Misses Sternberg's classes in dancing and physical culture. At 8.15 o'clock the class, numbering some sixty pupils, entered the hall from either side of the platform, and proceeding down the space reserved for their use in the center of the floor went through the figures of the grand march, led by little Miss Norah Warwick and Miss Jean Thorburn, two of the tiniest members of the class. The grand march completed and the children seated picturesquely on the platform decorated with palms, the programme for the evening was opened by a song, *The Rosary*, acceptably rendered by Miss Ruby Wardell. Then followed the programme of dances and exercises to which the children look forward as the culmination of their year's work. A skirt dance and encore danced by little Miss Ruth Smith, a vision in pink silk accordion-pleated dress, carried out in effect by shoes and stockings of the same color, was well applauded, as was also the dance of the butterflies by the baby of the class, Miss Norah Warwick, aged five, whose dainty movements and graceful poses won all hearts. The sword dance, by Miss Margaret Wiegand and skirt dances by the Misses Jean Thorburn, Dorothy Blackie, Ruby Gardner, Isabel Knox, Norah Van Nostrand, Louise Macdonald, Reda and Joyce Ince, Loreen Stone, Marjory Eakins, Jule Paradis were also very well done. The minuet, a feature of the evening, was exceptionally pretty and well executed, and the sailor boys made things lively for a few minutes with the steps of the hornpipe. During the evening Miss Blachford, who has a beautiful soprano voice, sang two songs, and Miss Johnstone played a "cello solo. Among those present were Dr. and Mrs. Temple, Dr. and Mrs. Thorburn, Mrs. Arthurs, Mrs. Greene and little Miss Betty Greene, Mrs. Malone, Mrs. R. A. Smith, Mrs. Ince, Mrs. Macdonald.

The engagement is announced of Miss Edna Louise Conant, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Conant, Esq., and Mrs. Conant of Buena Vista, Oshawa, to Dr. William H. Walton-Ball of "Mapethorpe," Toronto. Both are descendants of the oldest U. E. Loyalist families in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Brignall of Vancouver, B.C., announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Irene Alice Brignall, to Mr. Mayne Daly Hamilton of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, son of the late Dr. J. R. Hamilton of Stratford.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Freyseng, 315 Carlton street, have left for a tour through Europe of several months. Mrs. James Hunter of Detroit, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Freyseng, has returned home.

Among distinguished visitors to Toronto during race week will be Viscount and Viscountess Templetown, who are now visiting Montreal and Ottawa. Lord Templetown is an Irish peer, with a seat in County Antrim near Belfast, "Castle Upton," Upton being the family name. Viscountess Templetown is a daughter of the tenth Earl of Winchelsea. I believe Lord Templetown is interesting himself in Canadian investments and enterprises.

Mrs. Richard C. Warminton, 347 Jarvis street, will receive on Monday for the last time this season.

### Raw Materials.

Import figures show a great increase. What is being done by Canadian industry.

It is not particularly surprising that the imports from abroad continue to grow even though Canada's manufacturing is in so healthy a state. The amount of raw materials coming here for manufacture is growing yearly by leaps and bounds, and certainly this is a proof of sound economic position. There was a time and not so long ago, when the manufactured products of this country were a subject for jesting. They were rough and cheap-looking when compared with the goods of the United States. Fortunately that time has passed. For example, while the firm of Gourlay, Winter & Leeming search the world for raw material, all the parts of their famous piano, the Gourlay, are made in Canada. The result is well known. The piano has become noted for its exquisite purity of tone as well as for the beauty of its case. Moreover, it is durably constructed throughout and will stand comparison with any high grade piano whether made here or in the United States. Musicians are delighted with it, and this very fact shows what can be done by the brains and enthusiasm of Canadian workmen. A constructional booklet giving fuller explanations on this point can be obtained from the firm at their Yonge street warehouses, or same will be mailed on request.

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MONTREAL—Room 16 Birks' Building.  
Pleating of all kinds

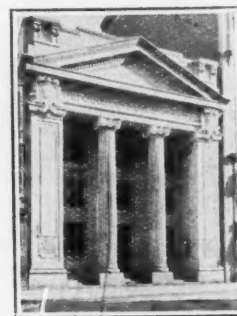
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whether just enough to have people tell you your hair is thin, or whether so much of it is gone that it is almost impossible to dress it.

### A TRANSFORMATION

From The Pember Art Hair Goods Store will transform your scant locks into the most luxuriant and handsome head of hair you could wish for. However a man may look with thin hair, nobody can gainsay the fact that it is particularly trying on a woman, and as she gets along in years she requires all the little aids to help nature she can procure.

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Daily Balance.

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to hurry and worry before  
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## TORONTO THE INVESTOR MONTREAL



MR. JAMES CRATHERN  
Montreal

Montreal, May 10.  
For the past week the Dominion Textile Company has had its business very much hampered, owing to trouble with employees. The Hochelaga and St. Ann's Cotton Mills were closed down, some fifteen hundred hands being on strike. An increase of twenty per cent. in the wage scale was demanded, and after a few days negotiation a settlement was arrived at upon a basis of about fourteen per cent. advance. On Monday last the mills were running full time once more. The Merger's third Montreal mill, at St. Henri, managed to keep its employees at work, but the advance named in the first two instances will necessarily follow in the last named mill, which is by far the larger of the three. This will mean that some three thousand employees will obtain advances of fourteen per cent. The average wage is said to be eighty cents per day, and the Textile Company employs three thousand hands in the city. This will mean an increase in the wage bill of a little upward of one hundred thousand dollars per year, reckoning three hundred days' work. Whether increases will necessarily follow in the Merger's other mills, such as the Montmorency at Quebec, remains to be seen. It does then the wage bill will be increased another hundred and fifty thousand, making a quarter million increase all told. As the Merger's mills are all said to be making money, the hands by the increase are probably not getting any more than a fair proportion of the profits, though it may make a difference in the value of the common stock to the holders thereof, previously referred to in these columns.

James Ross, president of the Dominion Coal Company, and multi-millionaire, has purchased for the sum of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, the sea-going yacht upon which he spent the better part of the winter cruising about the Mediterranean ports. Mr. Ross already owned a handsome yacht upon which he and his friends cruised between Montreal and the Gulf ports, often extending the trips to New York and Newport. The vessel, however, was not of sufficient tonnage for extended trips across the ocean, so he concluded to obtain possession of a larger and more elaborate boat. Mr. Ross is extremely fond of the water and his health not being of the best, he spends a goodly share of his time each year at sea. It is expected that he will be back in Montreal ere long, and then there will be talk of a dividend for the Dominion Coal Company's common stock shareholders.

In connection with the Dominion Coal Company it might be mentioned that Vice-President Wanklyn is now carrying out a most ambitious plan respecting homes for his workmen at Glace Bay. The idea is for the company to build the miners substantial houses which the workmen immediately occupy and repay in monthly instalments. The workman may select the style and quality of his house from a large number of plans prepared. The company furnishes the lot, builds the house; and the workman moves in without having expended a dollar. He then repays the sum in monthly instalments, averaging but little more than the rental which he had formerly paid. The idea is to give the workman a stake in the country, as it were. Make him more saving in his habits and more careful of his future. Those at the head of the movement are of the opinion that in this manner many of the labor difficulties which are besetting mining centers may be eliminated.

The Montreal bankers and the broker set are constantly at war with each other over the subject of "call money." The brokers almost without exception state that the bankers are discriminating against them, and thus injuring business, while on the other hand the bankers state that the brokers have no energy and initiative; and that probably outside of one or two firms like the Forgets, they are a pretty small lot. The chief difficulty seems to be that the members of the Montreal Exchange have a habit of borrowing on high class securities, such as C. P. R., in New York, going to the local banks for advances on what cannot well be negotiated in the United States center. The consequence of this is that the Canadian banks are constantly asked to loan upon industrials which are not considered A. No. 1, security, and upon which there is no chance in the world of realizing when money is at all tight. As a matter of fact, such institutions as the Bank of Commerce, large loaners of call money, would not dream of calling their loans, knowing full well that in such a narrow market as Montreal there is no opportunity for the absorption of large blocks of stock within a short space of time. "We never call loans, particularly at such times as these," said a prominent banker the other day. "What would be the use, we wouldn't get it anyhow."

On the first of the month the Provincial Government's tax of \$2,000 per annum upon foreign brokerage houses doing business within the Province went into effect, and five houses, with headquarters in New York and Boston and with branches in Montreal, paid up. The curious part of it is that this law was primarily directed against the bucket shops, of which there are a half dozen in the city, but they all contend that under the reading of the Act they are not liable. Anyway,

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none of them have as yet paid up. The real question is, however, whether the members of the Montreal Exchange having direct New York or Boston wires are also liable. These men are now paying a brokerage tax, and the question is: Can they be made to pay another? Most of them cannot afford to, for it is doubtful if many of these private wires show a profit of two thousand dollars per year as it stands, as the wires in most instances are there for the accommodation of the brokers themselves, and not for general business.

Between the business tax of \$300 per annum which each broker pays, the additional tax of \$2,000 per annum on foreign houses and the tax of two cents per share on all transactions on the Exchange, the Province of Quebec is getting its share.

Toronto, May 10.  
Bank shares in Canada have been very profitable investments. For over twenty years there has been almost an uninterrupted appreciation in values. Naturally there have been reactions in prices, but rallies generally came quickly, and high-water mark in many instances was reached the present year. As a rule this class of security has proved to be very profitable to the investor. The number of shareholders is constantly increasing, while it is doubted if individual holdings have augmented to any great extent. This is a very good feature. There is a large class who put their surplus earnings into these securities. The dividends of late years have been increased, and the directors of many of these institutions have made the securities more attractive by making disbursements quarterly instead of semi-annually. The bank stocks listed on the Toronto Stock Exchange have a par value of \$62,090,000, but the market value is now \$136,515,000, an increase of \$74,425,000. Following is the list:

	PAR VALUE	MARKET VALUE
Montreal	\$14,000,000	\$27,150,000
Commerce	10,000,000	18,000,000
Molson	2,000,000	6,800,000
Ontario	1,500,000	2,130,000
Toronto	4,000,000	10,000,000
Merchants	6,000,000	10,000,000
Imperial	4,000,000	9,750,000
Dominion	3,000,000	8,100,000
Standard	1,000,000	2,500,000
Hamilton	2,400,000	5,500,000
Nova Scotia	2,500,000	6,850,000
Ottawa	2,500,000	5,075,000
Traders	3,000,000	4,410,000
Royal	3,000,000	7,200,000
Sovereign	1,700,000	2,450,000
	\$62,090,000	\$136,515,000

The biggest investor in bank stock in Canada is Sir William C. Macdonald of Montreal. He has 5,000 shares of Bank of Montreal, par value \$500,000, and a market value of \$1,290,000. He also holds 3,348 shares of Commerce, par value \$172,400, and market value \$311,000. Sir William has also 1,500 shares of Merchants, par value \$150,000, and market value \$250,000; also 450 shares of Ontario Bank, par value \$45,000, and market value \$64,000. His holdings in these four banks amount to \$867,400 par value, while the market value totals \$1,915,000. The late George Gooderham of this city, held 3,885 shares of Bank of Toronto, with a par value of \$388,500, and a market value of \$971,250. Lord Strathcona holds stock in three banks, viz., Montreal, Ontario, and Toronto, the par value of which is \$306,400, and the market value \$783,400. Jon Manuel of Ottawa has 6,186 shares of Commerce, par value \$309,300, and market value \$556,700. Sir George Drummond of Montreal has 2,000 shares of Bank of Montreal, with a par value of \$200,000, and a market value of \$516,000. Robert G. Reid of Montreal has 1,500 shares of Bank of Montreal, par value \$150,000, and market value \$387,000.

William Hendrie of Hamilton is a believer in bank stock. His largest holdings are of Bank of Hamilton, after which come Imperial, Dominion, and Standard. The par value of his holdings in these stocks is \$156,450, while the market value amounts to \$377,000. William Ramsay of Scotland, and formerly of Toronto, has 1,524 shares of Imperial Bank, which now has a value of \$371,700, and 260 shares of Standard with a market value of \$32,000. Miss Grace Redpath of Montreal has 1,400 shares of Bank of Montreal, with a market value of \$361,200. Alex. MacLaren of Buckingham has 1,560 shares of Bank of Ottawa, par value \$156,000, and market value \$354,000.

Hon. George A. Cox of Toronto has 3,770 shares of Commerce, par value \$188,500, and market value \$339,000. He has also 300 shares of Metropolitan, with market value of \$60,000. Total market value, \$399,000. The late Thomas R. Merritt of St. Catharines had 1,348 shares of Imperial Bank, with a par value of \$134,800, and a market value of \$328,000. Miss Maude B. Lewis of Montreal has 1,935 shares of Merchants, with a par value of \$193,500, and a market value of \$321,000; also 933 shares of Commerce, with a market value of \$83,900; total, \$404,970.

Cawthra Mulock of this city, has investments in bank shares as well as large interests in many other undertakings. He has 1,500 shares of Dominion Bank, 1,000 shares of Commerce, and 100 shares of Imperial. These have a par value of \$135,000, and a market value of \$316,900. The late Thomas R. Wood of Toronto had 700 shares of Bank of Toronto and 1,000 shares of Standard, with a par value of \$120,000, and a market value of \$300,000; also \$7,000 paid-up stock in Home Bank.

E. B. Osler, M.P., of Toronto, has 1,700 shares of Dominion and 136 shares of Imperial, with a par value of \$98,600, and a market value of \$262,500. The firm of Osler & Hammond have investments in Dominion, Imperial, Ontario, Home, Standard, and Toronto, with an aggregate par value of \$95,450, and a market value of \$214,700. R. B. Angus of Montreal has 1,000 shares of Bank of Montreal, with a par value of \$100,000, and a market value of \$258,000. C. D. Warren of Toronto has 1,738 shares of Traders Bank, which has a market value of \$254,000. Mrs. Mary Barrett of Montreal has 932 shares of Bank of Montreal, par value \$93,200, and market value \$240,500. She has also 395 shares of Bank of Toronto, par value \$39,500, and market value \$98,750. Sir H. Montagu Allan of Montreal has 1,282 shares of Merchants Bank, with a par value of \$128,200, and a market value of \$212,000. W. A. Molson, M.D., of Montreal has 920 shares of Molson's Bank, with a mar-

## Bank of Hamilton

## DIVIDEND NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of Ten per cent. per annum on the Capital Stock of the Bank, for the quarter ending 31st May, has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on 1st June, 1906.

The Transfer Books will be closed from 24th to 31st May, both inclusive.

By order of the Board,  
Hamilton, 23rd April, 1906.

J. TURNBULL,  
General Manager

## THE BANK OF OTTAWA

37 King St. East.

367 Broadview Ave.

Small current accounts for business or professional men carried free of charge.

Interest allowed in SAVINGS DEPARTMENT on deposits of ONE DOLLAR and upwards.

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Twenty calls?

Hold on to it!

Get interest for it!

Make it twenty dollars

—then two hundred!

By placing it in the Savings

Department of

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DE CABAÑAS



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G. W. MULLER, 9 King Street West  
TORONTO



The  
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Grill  
at the  
St. Charles  
(70 YONGE ST.)

is the only real "grill" in Canada—the only place where you can actually pick out the meats, etc., that you want, and see them being cooked. A glass partition ensures freedom from all odors of cooking.

et value of \$208,800. J. Elsdale Molson, M.D., England, has a like amount in Molsons Bank.

Thomas Gibb Blackstock of Toronto has 798 shares of Bank of Toronto, par value \$79,800, and market value \$199,500. W. R. Johnston of this city has stock in Ontario, Standard, Metropolitan, and Dominion, the par value of which is \$95,600, and market value \$197,550. Charles R. Hosmer of Montreal has 400 shares of Royal and 300 shares of Montreal, with a par value of \$70,000, and a market value of \$173,400. J. Thomas Molson of Montreal has 715 shares of Molsons Bank, with a market value of \$162,300. W. D. Matthews of this city has 1,000 shares of Dominion, with a market value of \$135,000. Timothy Eaton has 514 shares

of Dominion and 10 shares of Traders, with a market value of \$65,720. Hon. J. S. Hendrie has 278 shares of Bank of Hamilton, with a market value of \$63,380.

## Some Smaller Investors.

We give below the names of some of the smaller investors in bank shares, giving the par value only of the holdings of each:

Commerce—Robert E. Craig, New Orleans, \$100,000; W. R. Craig, New York, \$80,000; Wm. Davies, Toronto, \$50,000; James Crathern, Montreal, \$50,000; Walter Bell, London, \$28,700; Joseph W. Flavell, Toronto, \$29,850; John Hoskin, Toronto, \$20,000; John A. Bruce, Hamilton, \$50,000;

(Continued on Page 14.)





## BETTER

a lack of style than a surplus of it—but better correct style than either.

Correct style does not mean the extreme of fashion. The extreme dresser is not only incorrect but undignified, while the essence of dignity and taste is credited to the man who follows style in reason. We can dress you correctly.

**Sovereign Brand Suits**  
**\$15 to \$25**

and every garment a model.

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## OAK HALL

Clothiers

119 KING STREET EAST  
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J. COOMBS, Manager

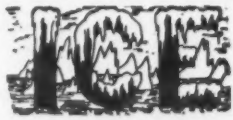
## Said Benjamin Franklin

"Eat to please yourself, but dress to please others."

THIS is a maxim which the prudent man will not only ponder well, but translate into practice. You owe it to yourself to patronize a tailor who not only knows all there is to know about artistic clothes production, but who is in close touch with all the latest "kinks" in men's attire. There is not a tailoring firm in Toronto that can so thoroughly fill all the requirements of high-class suit building, as

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ORDER?

We guarantee the purest and best ice obtainable—all cut in Lake Simcoe between Belle Ewart and Roach's Point, and well planned after leaving the water. A full season's supply asured.

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## KEEPING EVERYONE WELL DRESSED

We do it nicely by our system of dyeing and cleaning wearing apparel—whether this be for men or women.

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Dyers and Cleaners, Toronto.

801 and 791 Yonge St., 59 King St. West, 471 and 1324 Queen St. West, 277 Queen St. East.

# Athletics

THE amateur boxing and wrestling tournament held last week, under the auspices of the Argonaut Rowing Club, was a very successful affair, and no doubt netted a good amount for the Argonaut's Henley trip. In both the boxing and wrestling events there was a large list of entries, and the medals were secured only after the keenest competition. Local entries carried off the majority of the boxing prizes, but of the wrestling championships all except one, the 105-pound class, went to outsiders, four going to Montreal men. As a matter of fact there were very few Toronto entries, due, no doubt, to the great dearth of wrestling talent in this city. Wrestling is a sport so little known and so little practised in this country that it is a very difficult matter to hold anything like a first-class tournament. It was quite evident that very few of the large crowd present last week were able to appreciate the fine points of wrestling. The majority, in fact, without hesitation pronounced it "slow" as compared with boxing. Undoubtedly it is, but there are a great many other considerations that recommend it as an athletic exercise. Wrestling is not spectacular; between well-matched opponents victory is not secured in a moment, and many holds must be tried before the successful one is secured. The average spectator, who is impatient of results, yawns with weariness over a prolonged contest of skill and endurance, but is quite delighted with the swift interchange of blows in boxing. The latter sport has, however, its demerits; it is apt to degenerate from scientific sparring into mere slugging, in which case it is devoid of all interest from the point of view of true sport. Boxing and wrestling are both of the highest athletic value, and though I do not wish to be understood as making invidious comparisons, I would like to put in a word for wrestling as a sport well worthy of serious consideration. It is a splendid form of physical exercise, and should be taught and practised far more than it has been in our gymnasiums. The Argonaut Club, apart from the excellent boxing programme they provided, deserve great credit for the trouble they took in securing the best talent of the country for a first-class exhibition of wrestling.

The visit of a team of bowlers from the British Isles this summer is being looked forward to with great eagerness by the lawn-bowling fraternity of this country. The British team is due to arrive in Montreal on August 1st, and for a month and a half they will be exposed to the tender mercies of Canadian hospitality. They will spend most of their time in Ontario, and will have their hands full in attending to their numerous engagements. Almost every town of any importance, and every village large enough to boast a bowling-green and a handful of bowlers, have made application for games, and, although all cannot be satisfied, a sufficiently elaborate itinerary has been arranged for the visitors. After touring Western Ontario, they will return to Toronto in time for the national exhibition. The local bowlers have already made preparation, by the appointment of committees and sub-committees, for welcoming and entertaining them on a lavish scale. This trip is the outcome of the visit of the Canadian bowlers to Great Britain two years ago, and those who were the recipients of British hospitality on that occasion will no doubt be eager for a return of courtesies.

If one were to compile statistics one would be amazed at the number of bowlers and bowling clubs in this Province. The ancient sport of bowling on the green, in which good Queen Bess and the heroic figures at her court delighted, has so thrived on Canadian soil that it ranks as not the least of our summer pastimes. Cynics, of course, will sneer that it is not athletic, and requires little more energy than dominoes, but their objection is of little account. We are getting beyond the rude pioneer days when brute strength and perspiration are qualities indispensable in a game. Any form of exercise that gives recreation in the open air and pleasant rivalry is not without value, even if it does not produce Herculean muscular development. Taunt the bowler who you will about the gentleness of his pastime, call it an old man's game, an armchair recreation, a travesty on sport, or any other invective your wit can invent, you cannot make him wince. He is impervious to sneers, he will, with genial condescension, pity your ignorance, for he knows the gentle charm of bowling, the social amenities it fosters, and the true sportsmanship it produces. No matter if the balls run on the bias, the game itself is free from bias and prejudice. Your opponent is your friend, and the one way you strive to prevent his winning is by bowling more skillfully than he. Let the carping cynics, let the men of bulging muscle, who delight in the rough joys of football or lacrosse, say what they will, there is no pleasanter sight than on a glorious summer afternoon, to see a long strip of smooth, green sward and a throng of bowlers bowling with keen rivalry and the best of good-fellowship, for the "kitty" at the end of the green.

A writer in an English periodical raises an interesting question as to the mental states induced by chess and card games requiring close application. The reason d'être of the discussion was the recent mental ill-

ness, practically amounting to insanity, of Pillsbury, the famous chess champion, who played in Toronto some years ago. In this case there is positive evidence that the mental strain of chess directly led to insanity, and the writer instances other once-famous chess players, Paul Morphy and William Steinitz, who ended their days in an asylum. It is a favorite tenet of chess-players and whist-players that skill in these games demands a far higher quality of grey matter than average mortals possess. Suggest to a whist enthusiast that whist does not make for increased intellectuality, and see how he pities your ignorance. If a great musician becomes mad, some people assert it is through the ringing in his brain of the music of the spheres or other ethereal melodies too powerfully ecstatic for human senses. With the same fantastic belief some chess-admirers will maintain that great chess-players go insane because chess science is a wonderful essence, as powerful as radium, and wears out the brain cells by stimulating them to undue effort. The insanity of Pillsbury can, however, be explained, from a more common sense standpoint, as a simple case of nervous breakdown, due to a reckless expenditure of nervous energy. He was accustomed to play, blindfold, as many as twenty games simultaneously, and it is little wonder that such a severe strain led to nervous exhaustion and mental collapse. There is little reason to believe that chess is more dangerous than football or hockey. The ordinary chess-player runs little danger of becoming a martyr to the excessive intellectuality of his pastime.

The Eastern League baseball season has now been several weeks under way, but almost every day of that short period has spelt defeat for the Toronto team. There have, however, been many signs that the team is a good one. All the games lost have been by small margins, and the pitching staff has shown itself to be of first-class calibre. A team which consistently loses by one or two runs is not without a certain degree of bad luck, and there is every reason to believe that, with fortune favoring, the Toronto players will make a creditable showing in the Eastern League race. It will be very easy for them to make up what they have lost at the outset by success in the home series, which begins next week. If the team wins the majority of its home games it will be popular with local enthusiasts in spite of its defeats upon the road.

### A Seasonable Complaint.

THERE is one malady which, so far as the writer is aware, has never yet received the attention of medical men or consideration in any of the medical publications. This complaint is not particularly contagious, although it has been known to have been communicated to others. It appears to be periodical in its nature and attacks its victims almost without exception at varying times between February and the end of April, gradually increasing in intensity. For want of a better name, I have called it "Piscatoritis."

It first signals itself by attacks of restlessness. The patient finds it difficult to attend to his usual vocation, and at times he will be found deep in meditation, with a far-away look in the eye and a reluctance to be recalled to the business of life. After a short time, especially when he should be resting in the bosom of his family and enjoying the after-dinner pipe, the restlessness is increased and can only be temporarily relieved by an overhauling of a certain cabinet or other receptacle and lingering with loving meditation over the varied contents. Strange objects engage his attention during the study. Curious pieces of wire, variously adorned with multi-colored feathers, seem to have a particularly attractive fascination for him, and as he handles each feathered nook—there now, the cat's out of the bag! The mystery displayed and this strange malady will at once be patent to every unfortunate (or fortunate) individual who has ever suffered from any of its different manifestations.

But after all, who that has once been attacked by this form of spring fever would wish to be released from its periodic visit? With what delight the sufferer fights over again his old battles, each lovingly handled by recalling either victory or defeat, and either equally delightful as his memory lingers over the particulars of the fight. Pictures of stream, river, or lake fit before him. Forgotten are the drawbacks or misadventures, or if remembered, received with a smile or laugh. Forgotten are the stings of mosquitoes and black flies, the unexpected plunge from log or rock, the discomforts of wet and chill, and the whole picture is colored with but the pleasing tints of memory. The bending rod, the screaming reel, the exciting struggle, and the ultimate conquest are all features of the pleasant memory. Should the conquest have rested with the other side, what matters it? The true angler is still happy and glad that so gallant a foe still lives to give later battle.

The one great drawback to the indulgence of the demands of this malady is, to the sensitive sufferer, the covert smile, and sometimes too the outspoken comments of the onlookers who cannot understand the pleasure afforded by the contemplation and loving care bestowed upon the inanimate companions of his pleasures.

But cheer up, brother! Disregard these evidences of such deplorable ignorance, and bear with patience and pity worthy of a follower of the sainted Isaak, the covert, or open, sneer or smile, and think only of the deprivation suffered by the unfortunate being who, owing either to lack of early training or subsequent limitations, is unable to enjoy with you the delights of "going-a-fishing."

The only known remedy for "Piscatoritis" is to indulge the desire at the earliest possible moment, and then, and not till then, does the enthusiast cease to exclaim:

"Oh my heart is sick with wishing  
For my old fly rod!  
Wishing for the next vacation,  
Health and rest and recreation!"—

and to his critics he may complete the quotation—

"Do you think it odd  
How I long to go a-fishing  
With my old fly rod?"

—E. D. M.

Toronto, May 7.

### The Grand Stand Critic.

THERE is probably no more objectionable class of people in the world than those who live on the misfortunes of others. I do not mean those who, by the law of the survival of the fittest, triumph over their weaker brethren, but those who, like parasites, make profit out of the affliction and adversity of their neighbors. Such are monopolists, such are ghouls who loot corpses, or vandals who profit by earthquake, fire, or pestilence, to rob and murder. These are all abominable, but there is a still more execrable villain, I mean the grand stand critic.

It is not because he is a "knocker" that he is objectionable—your true misanthropist, who advocate and practise a thoroughgoing pessimism, should be admired for their consistency—but because he is a parasite, a time-server, who shifts with the wind and is ever a smiling, hypocritical villain. If a man makes a bad muff in baseball, the grand stand critic rises in all his righteous indignation, and shouts "Rotten!" and other terms too malodorous to mention, but if two minutes later the same player makes a brilliant catch, the same critic shrieks wild applause, throws up his hat, goes nearly insane with joy, and knows no limit in his eulogy. Such an unstable wretch is not fit to be trusted.

If a man plays across a ball in cricket and he bowls, the minute he reaches the pavilion the grand stand critic awaits him. He snatches the bat from his hand, and in five minutes shows how not only the fatal stroke, but all other strokes, ought to be played, and convinces the poor batsman that no one but a dolt and a fool would ever get bowled at all. If a bowler has been knocked about the field, in 30 seconds after the innings closes the grand stand critic shows him a new way of twisting the ball, which will infallibly secure six wickets in an over.

If a golfer fizzes a drive ninety-nine times out of a hundred he has no need to despair. Only let him wait till the eye of the grand stand critic falls upon him, and then instantly mingles with abuse unerringly comes. The critic will show him how, by a certain way of placing the legs and gripping the club, to drive the ball three hundred yards at every attempt. Of course, if the golfer fails to do so the critic will curse him for a tyro and a block-head. With what logic I cannot say; only grand stand critics can tell that. If the critic would confine himself to censure, one might stand him, but when, after one of your really good performances, he comes up with his oily praise, he turns your stomach. Such a time-server is he, such a trickster, such a detestable character, that all sportsmen have an innate virtuous loathing for him. You might, think, search the whole world, and yet not find one person to say a good word for the grand stand critic.

### He Cashed the Cheque.

Not long ago Mr. Russell Sage, the multi-millionaire, cashed a cheque for four cents, and as he did so it is said that he remarked: "It was just like finding money; just like picking it up from the sidewalk." The cheque came in a letter. It was from a theatrical firm, calling his attention to their new play then running at a theater, and enclosing this cheque to pay for the time used in reading the letter. This was the note (says the "Daily Mail"): "Assuming that your income is \$15,000 a year, and that you appreciate the fact that time is money, we enclose a cheque for four cents in payment of two minutes of your time at that rate, to be employed in carefully reading a brief and honest statement of the novel, applause-winning features in our new musical farce." Such letters were sent to many wealthy New Yorkers, but it is said that Mr. Sage was the only one who cashed the cheque.

### Twain's Latest Maxim.

Having had himself recently photographed, Mark Twain has sent one of the pictures to Frank Lawrence of the Lotus Club, with this note:

"Take note of this, Frank Lawrence, old friend of mine. To be good is noble, but to teach others how to be good is nobler—and no trouble." S. L. Clemens.—New York "Times."

## INSURANCE

The very best kind of Insurance—i.e., provision for the future as well as the present is a Savings Account in

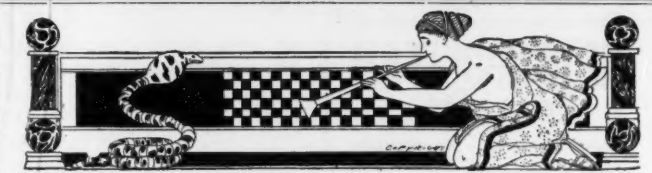
## The Sovereign Bank of Canada

Interest paid four times a year.

\$1.00 will open an account.

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Main Office ..... 58 King Street West.  
Labor Temple Branch..... 167 Church Street.  
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There's a Charm in cleanliness. There is beauty in neatness. We keep you well supplied with both at a cost that is ridiculously small compared with the results obtained. Think, your personal appearance is everything to your business and social standing.

"My Valet" Fountain, The Tailor CLEANER and REPAIRER OF CLOTHES.  
30 Adelaide Street West.—Phone Main 3074.

### Where Joy Trespassed on Sorrow.

Hans is a German resident of Eastern Pennsylvania. Recently losing his wife by death, his grief and loneliness knew no bounds. After two weeks of mourning he "struck another match." His friends, according to the custom of the community, surprised him by a rousing calithumpian serenade. Hans stood the racket as long as he possibly could, and then, opening the window, in tones of greatest disgust called out: "Poys! Ain't you ashamed of yourselves to make such a noise, and just so soon a funeral!"—New York "Sun."

### KENNEDY Shorthand School

There is a vast difference in schools. The Kennedy School represents the highest standard in stenographic education. It is a school for the better class of pupils. You can easily err in selecting another.

9 Adelaide Street East  
Toronto

### The King and His People!

All alike—the humblest, the highest—have marvelled at the gigantic enterprises of W. & A. Gilbey. Their names are household words; their products legion. In the United Kingdom alone

### EVERY TENTH BOTTLE OF WINE, and THIRTY-FIFTH BOTTLE OF SPIRITS

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The wonder of the business world, their fame and success are based upon an absolute guarantee, given under Acts of Parliament, that the Purity, Age and Quality of their Brands are

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From among many varieties the following Specialties are particularly celebrated:

#### SPIRITS

"Strathmill" Scotch Whisky  
Pure Malt, 6 years old.  
"Spey Royal" Scotch Whisky  
The choicest and oldest procurable. Distilled from specially selected Malted Barley.  
Old Tom Gin—The finest quality.  
London Dry Gin—Of fine delicate flavor.  
Plymouth Gin—Of fine delicate flavor.  
Champagne Cognac, "L'Or Extrait du Vin" (No. 1 Stars).  
Old Jamaica Rum, "The Governor General".  
Of great age, with soft mellow flavor.

#### WINES

"Invalid" Port  
A very fine light vintage wine.  
"Natural Montilla" Sherry  
A pale, nutty wine, 9 years old.  
"Chateau Loubet" Claret  
Grand Vin. Distinguished by great elegance and bouquet. Awarded the Gold Medal at the Paris Exhibition.  
"Pommard" Burgundy  
Charming bouquet, with a soft, full flavor.

Purity, Age and Quality absolutely guaranteed to be strictly in accordance with descriptions on the Labels.

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AGENTS IN OTTAWA, BATH & CO., Sparks St.  
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FRASER, VIGOR & CO., Montreal.



## A Fight With Bare Hands

This vigorous short story is a chapter from "The Spoilers," by Rex E. Beach. It is the best description of a man-to-man fight to be found anywhere in recent fiction.

AY was breaking when Glenister came down the mountain. It seemed years since he had seen the sunlight, for this night, burdened with suspense, had been endlessly long. His body was faint beneath the strain, and yet he rode on and on, tired, dogged, stony, his eyes set towards the sea, his mind a storm of formless, whirling thoughts, beneath which was an undeviating, implacable determination. He knew now that he had sacrificed all hope of the Midas—the richest gold mine that had yet been struck in Alaska—and likewise the hope of Helen was gone; in fact, he began to realize dimly that from the beginning he had never had the possibility of winning her, that she had never been destined for him, and that his love for her had been sent as a light by which he was to find himself. He had failed everywhere, he had become an outlaw, he had fought and gone down, certain only of his rectitude and the mastery of his unruly spirit—and his failure was due at every turn to this political gamester, McNamara, who had robbed the miners of their claims. Now the hour had come when he would perform his last mission, deriving therefrom that satisfaction which the gods could not deny. He would have his vengeance.

The scheme took form without conscious effort on his part. From the first McNamara had been a riddle to him, and mystery breeds curiosity. His blind, instinctive hatred of the man had assumed the proportions of a mania; but as to what the outcome would be when they met face to face, fate alone could tell. Anyway, McNamara should never have Helen. When he had finished—he would pay the price. If he had the luck to escape, he would go back to his hills and his solitude; if he did not, his future would be in the hands of his enemies.

He rode down Front street heedless of danger, heedless of the comment his appearance might create, and, unseen, entered his enemy's stronghold.

In dressing for the battle at the Midas on the previous night he had replaced his leather boots with "mukluks," which are waterproof, light, and pliable footwear, made from the skin of seal and walrus. He was thus able to move as noiselessly as though in moccasins. Finding neither pencil nor paper in his pockets, he tried the outer door of the office, to find it unlocked. He stepped inside and listened, then moved towards a table on which were writing-materials, but in doing so heard a rustle in Struve's office. Evidently his soft soles had not disturbed the man inside. Glenister was about to tip toe out as he had come when the hidden man cleared his throat. It is in these involuntary sounds that the voice retains its natural quality more distinctly even than in speaking. A strange eagerness grew in Glenister's face and he approached the partition stealthily. It was of wood and glass, the panes clouded and opaque to a height of some six feet; but stepping upon a chair he peered into the room beyond. A man knelt in a litter of papers before the open safe, its drawers and compartments removed and their contents scattered. The watcher lowered himself, drew his gun, and laid soft hand upon the door-knock, turning the latch with firm fingers. His vengeance had come to meet him.

McNamara's astonishment was so genuine that he leaped to his feet, faced about, and prompted by a secretive instinct swung to the safe door as though to guard its contents. He had acted upon the impulse before realizing that his weapon was inside, and that now, although the door was not locked, it would require that one dangerous, yes, fatal, second to open it.

The two men stared at each other for a time, silent and malignant, their glances meeting like blades; in the older man's face a look of defiance, in Glenister's a dogged and grim-purposed enmity. McNamara's first perturbation left him calm, alert, dangerous; whereas the continued contemplation of his enemy worked in Glenister to destroy his composure, and his purpose blazed forth unhidden.

"I have come for the last act, McNamara; now we'll have it out, man to man."

The politician shrugged his shoulder.

### REPAIRING BRAIN

#### A Certain Way By Food.

Every minister, lawyer, journalist, physician, author or business man is forced under pressure of modern conditions to the active and sometimes over-active use of the brain.

Analysis of the excreta thrown out by the pores shows that brain work breaks down the phosphate of potash, separating it from its heavier companion, albumen, and a plain common sense teaches that this elemental principle must be introduced into the body anew each day, if we would replace the loss and rebuild the brain tissue.

We know that the phosphate of potash, as presented in certain field grains, has an affinity for albumen, and that is the only way gray matter in the brain can be built. It will not answer to take the crude phosphate of potash of the drug shop, for nature rejects it. The elemental mineral must be presented through food directly from Nature's laboratory.

These facts have been made use of in the manufacture of Grape-Nuts, and any brain worker can prove the value of the proper selection of food by making free use of Grape-Nuts for ten days or two weeks. Sold by grocers everywhere (and in immense quantities). Manufactured by the Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"You have the drop on me. I am unarmed." At which the miner's face lighted fiercely and he chuckled. "Ah, that's almost too good to be true. I have dreamed about such a thing, and I have been hungry to feel your throat since the first time I saw you. It's grown on me till shooting wouldn't satisfy me. Ever had the feeling? Well, I'm going to choke the life out of you with my bare hands."

McNamara squared himself. "I wouldn't advise you to try it. I have lived longer than you and I am never beaten, but I know the feeling you speak about. I have it now."

His eyes roved rapidly up and down the other's form, noting the lean thighs and close-drawn belt which lent the appearance of spareness, belied only by the neck and shoulders. He had beaten better men, and he reasoned that if it came to a physical test in these cramped quarters his own great weight would more than offset any superior agility the miner might possess. The longer he looked the more he yielded to his hatred of the man before him, and the more cruelly he longed to satisfy it.

"Take off your coat," said Glenister. "Now turn around. All right! I just wanted to see if you were lying about your gun."

"I'll kill you," cried McNamara. Glenister laid his six-shooter upon the safe, and slipped off his own wet garment. It was meet that they should come together thus. It had been the one certain and logical event which they had felt inevitably approaching from long back. And it was fitting, moreover, that they should fight alone and unwitnessed, armed only with the weapons of the wilderness, for they were both of the fighter's type, and had both warred for the first, great prize.

They met ferociously. McNamara aimed a fearful blow, but Glenister met him squarely, beating him off cleverly, stepping in and out, his arms swinging loosely from his shoulders like whalebone withes tipped with lead. He moved lightly, his footing made doubly secure by reason of his soft-soled mukluks. Recognizing his opponent's greater weight, he undertook merely to stop the headlong rushes and remain out of reach as long as possible. He struck the politician fairly in the mouth so that the man's head snapped back and his fists went wild, then before the arms could grasp him, the miner had broken ground and whipped another blow across; but McNamara was a boxer himself, so covered and blocked it. The politician spat through his mashed lips and rushed again, sweeping his opponent from his feet. Again Glenister's fist shot forward like a lump of granite, but the other came on head down and the blow finished too high, landing on the big man's brow. A sudden darting agony paralyzed Roy's hand, and he realized that he had broken the metacarpal bones, and that henceforth it would be useless. Before he could recover, McNamara had passed under his extended arm and seized him by the middle, then, thrusting his left leg back of Glenister's he whirled him from his balance, flinging him clear and with resistless force. It seemed that a fatal fall must follow, but the youth squirmed catlike in the air, landing with set muscles which rebounded like rubber. Even so, the receiver was upon him before he could rise, reaching for the young man's throat with his heavy hands. Glenister recognized the fatal "strangle hold," and, seizing his enemy's wrists, endeavored to tear them apart, but his left hand was useless, so with a mighty wrench he freed himself, and, locked in each other's arms, the men strained and swayed about the office till their neck veins were bursting, their muscles paralyzed.

Men may fight duels calmly, may shoot or parry or thrust with cold deliberation; but when there comes the jar of body to body, the sweaty contact of skin to skin, the play of iron muscles, the painful gasp of exhaustion—then the mind goes skittering back into its dark recesses, while every venomous passion leaps forth from its hiding-place and joins in the horrid war.

They tripped across the floor, crashing into the partition, which split, showering them with glass. They fell and rolled in it; then, by consent, wrenched themselves apart and rose, eye to eye, their jaws hanging, their lungs wheezing, their faces trickling with blood and sweat. Glenister's left hand pained him excruciatingly, while McNamara's macerated lips had turned outward in a hideous pout. They crouched so for an instant, cruel, bestial—then clinched again. The office-fittings were wrecked utterly and the room became a litter of ruins. The men's garments fell away till their breasts were bare, and their arms swelled white and knotted through the rags. They knew no pain, their bodies were insensate mechanisms.

Gradually the older man's face was beaten into a shapeless mass by the other's cunning blows, while Glenister's every bone was wrenched and twisted under his enemy's terrible onslaughts. The miner's chief effort, it is true, was to keep his feet and to break the man's embraces. Never had he encountered one whom he could not beat by sheer strength till he met this great, snarling creature, who worried him hither and yon as though he were a child. Time and again Glenister beat upon the man's face with the blows of a sledge. No rules governed this solitary combat; the men were deaf to all but the roaring in their ears, blinded to all but hate, insensible to everything but the blood mania. Their trampling feet caused the building to rumble and shake as though some monster were running amuck.

To this day, from Dawson to the Straits, from Unga to the Arctic, men tell of the combat wherever they foregather at flaring camp-fires or in dingy bunk-houses; and although some scout the tale, there are others who saw it and can swear to its truth. These say that the encounter was like the battle of bull moose in the rutting season, though more terrible, averring that two men like these had never been known in the land since the days of Vitus Bering and his crew; for their rancor had swollen till at feel of each other's flesh they ran mad and felt superhuman strength. It is true, at any rate, that neither was conscious of the filling room, nor the cries of the crowd, even when the marshal forced himself through the wedged door and fell upon the nearest, which was Glenister. He came at an instant when the two had paused at arm's length, glaring with rage-drunk eyes, gasping the labored breath back into their lungs.

With a fling of his long arms the young man hurled the intruder aside so violently that his head struck the iron safe and he collapsed insensible. Then, without apparent notice of the interruption, the fight went on.

McNamara's distress was patent to his antagonist, who advanced upon him with the hunger of promised victory; but the young man's muscles obeyed his commands sluggishly, his ribs seemed broken, his back was weak, and on the inner side of his legs the flesh was quivering. As they came together the boss reached up his right hand and caught the miner by the face, burying thumb and fingers, crablike, into his cheeks, forcing his slack jaws apart, thrusting his head backward, while he centered every ounce of his strength in the effort to maim. Glenister felt the flesh giving way and flung himself backward to break the hold, whereupon the other summoned his wasting energy and plunged toward the safe, where lay the revolver. Instinct warned Glenister of treachery, told him that the man had sought this last resource to save himself, and as he saw him turn his back and reach for the weapon, the youth leaped like a panther, seizing him about the waist, grasping McNamara's wrist with his right hand. For the first time during the combat they were not face to face, and on the instant Glenister realized the advantage given him through the other's perfidy, realized the wrestler's hold that was his, and knew that the moment of victory was come.

The telling takes much time, but so quickly had these things happened that the footstep of the victor had not yet reached the door when the men were locked beside the safe. Of what happened next many garbled accounts have gone forth. Some claim that the younger man was seized with a fear of death which multiplied his enormous strength, others that the power died in his adversary as reward for his treason; but it is no use.

No sooner had Glenister encompassed McNamara's waist from the rear than he slid his damaged hand up past the other's chest and around the back of his neck, thus bringing his own left arm close under his enemy's left armpit, wedging the receiver's head forward, while with his other hand he grasped the politician's right wrist close to the revolver, thus holding him in a grasp which could not be broken. Now came the test. The two bodies set themselves rocklike and rigid. There was no lunging about.

Calling up the final atom of his strength, Glenister bore backward with his right arm and it became a contest for the weapon, which, clutched in the two hands, swayed back and forth, or darted up and down, the fury of resistance causing it to trace formless patterns in the air with its muzzle. McNamara shook himself, but he was close against the safe, and could not escape, his head bowed forward by the lock of the miner's left arm, and so he strained till the breath clogged in his throat. Despite the grievous toil his right hand moved back slightly. His feet shifted a bit, while the blood seemed bursting from his eyes, but he found that the long fingers encircling his wrist were like gyves weighted with the strength of the hills and the irresistible vigor of youth which knew no defeat. Slowly, inch by inch, the great man's arm was dragged back down past his side, while the strangling labor of his breath showed at what awful cost. The muzzle of the gun described a semicircle and the knotted hands began to travel towards the left, more rapidly now, across his broad back. Still he struggled and wrenched, but uselessly. He strove to fire the weapon, but his fingers were woven about it so that the hammer would not work. Then the miner began forcing upward.

The white skin beneath the men's strips of clothing was stretched over great knots and ridges which sunk and swelled and quivered.

"It's the hammer-lock—the hammer-lock!"

By now McNamara's arm was bent and cramped upon his back, and then they saw Glenister's shoulder dip, his elbow come closer to his side, and his body heave in one final, terrific effort, as though pushing a heavy weight. In the silence something snapped like a stick. There came a deafening report, and the scream of a strong man overcome with agony.

McNamara went to his knees and sagged forward on to his face, as though every bone in his huge bulk had turned to water, while his master reeled back against the opposite wall, his heels dragging in the litter, bringing up with outflung arms as though fearful of falling, swaying, blind, exhausted, his face blackened by the explosion of the revolver, yet grim with the light of victory.

The judge shouted, hysterically: "Arrest that man, quick. Don't let him go!"

It was the miner's first realization that others were there. Raising his head he stared at the faces close against the partition, then groaned the words:

"I beat the traitor—and—and—I broke him with—my hands."—From "The Spoilers." Copyright, 1905, by Rex E. Beach.

### THE NERVE OF U. S.

"HAT tiresome word again!" said a Toronto girl last week, as she read in a New York paper that Sherring's victory was an American triumph.

The playful little way Uncle Sam has of claiming the continent in name, if not in deed, leads to curious complications. While the Canadian has just as good a right to use the word, his common sense has kept him from pretentiously appropriating a name that is continental. However, just as we have tacitly conceded the adjective to Uncle Sam, if he wants it, along comes our very own champion, born under the shadow of Hamilton's picturesque hill, and he is straightway dubbed by New York and Philadelphia an "American" and "one of our athletes," and then the Canadian, after holding his breath for ten seconds, manages to gasp, "The nerve of some people!"

Just here we wish it to be plainly understood that Hamilton belongs to the north shore of Lake Ontario, and is too utterly proud to be situated in anything smaller than an empire. Hamilton would consent to become annexed to Toronto before she would belong to a mere republic. We have little misunderstandings of our own, but, when the wholesale houses of Toronto took fire during an April blizzard, the Hamilton hose was the first foreign aid to arrive, and in this hour of Hamilton's triumph we will not see the Wentworth county town robbed of its distinction of being the athletic capital of Canada.

We are an exceedingly foolish people on occasions, and in Toronto our Union Station authorities are sufficiently delicious to break out in the "Stars and Stripes" as a greeting to a British prince. But we are not yet so forgetful of our rights and privileges as to attach the almost meaningless adjective "American" to our Marathon hero. Olive wreaths and laurel go very well with the maple leaf, and the American eagle will kindly stop screeching for a few moments while the industrious beaver is accorded a lime-light diadem. That indefatigable and tireless person, President Roosevelt, has seen fit to imply that the country in which he exercises the veto right is entirely too wealthy to accept Canada's neighborly aid for San Francisco, and Canada is not likely to forget the purse-proud rejection of her practical sympathy. Hereafter, our misfortunes and victories will be our own, and not to be shared by our republican neighbor. Wherefore, New York and Philadelphia papers please copy and keep your vainglorious adjective for your own victors, when you have them. "Canadian" is quite good enough for Sherring and Scholes.

CANADIANE.

### Effect of Overwork.

Adam had just named the giraffe. "It really ought to have a longer name than that," he said, "but I'm all tired out from naming the megatherium and the ichthyosaurus."

Wearily turning away, he deferred the job of christening the ornithorhynchus until the next day.—Chicago "Tribune."

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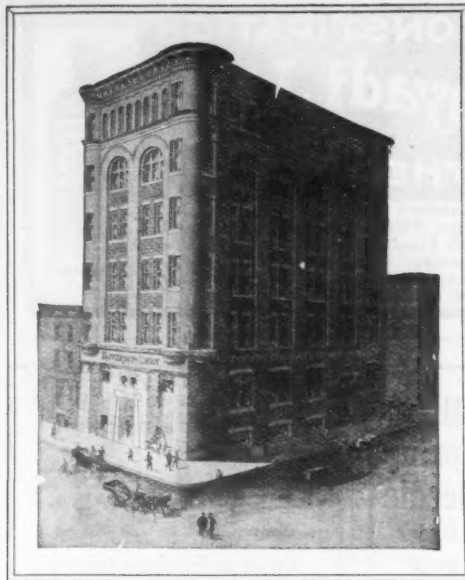
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## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.

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### Points About People.

A Toronto man has a small son who is extremely lazy, an infirmity which is said to be inherited from anybody but his father. One evening last week the father arrived home to find that Bobbie had failed for the second time to do a certain piece of work. Not being a believer in the James L. Hughes doctrine of moral suasion, the father proceeded to give Bobbie a severe lesson in the art of remembering. Some hours afterwards the erring boy was lectured on the subject and the father repeated that well-worn illustration: "Take a lesson from the postage stamp, my son. It sticks to one thing until it gets there." "Yes, father," said the sorrowful youth; "but it has to be licked first."

When a red-letter bulletin at the News office announced one day last week the Canadian victory by Sherring, an old woman on the opposite side of Yonge street asked what it was about. On being informed, she said, "Where's Marathon, anyway?" "It's in Greece," "Oh, yes. I remember about it now. That's where St. Paul preached to the Romans."

Here is a snap-shot of Hon. Charles S. Hyman, Dominion Minister of Public Works, as he was leaving the Council Chamber after a meeting of the Cabinet. Mr. Hyman may be described as one of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's silent partners. He is not much given to speech-making in Parliament, but is very active in committees, and the story goes that if anybody from Ontario wants anything looked after with business-like promptitude, the Minister to interest in the affair is the man who is walking through this paragraph. Mr. Hyman does not pose as a genius, but goes in for hard work. He knows how to get where he is. He can still see his back tracks and the depressions in the ground where he got thrown down. Like the late Hon. James Sutherland, he lets others bask in the lime-light while he stays indoors and looks after details. It takes several kinds of Ministers to make up a Cabinet, and Sir Wilfrid is now surrounded by variety enough. It seems no time since Charley Hyman used to have nothing more important to worry him than a doubt as to whether it would rain in London on the day a visiting cricket team came there to play a match. Now he shoulders the cares of the nation.



HON. C. S. HYMAN.



Chief Justice Sir William Mulock seems to be determined to make the lawyers who appear before him exercise greater care in choosing their words and phrases. The other day at Osgoode Hall a young barrister was addressing him on a motion concerning an estate, and was pointing out that it was almost impossible to find all the heirs. "Why, your Lordship," said he, "we'd have to hunt all over creation for them." That expression is mild to some of the sentences heard in the Hall, but Sir William wouldn't stand for it. "I think that is a very undignified statement to make in court," said he, with an air of severity, and the young lawyer bowed low and stammered, "I beg your Lordship's pardon." There are but few instances of this kind at Osgoode Hall. Sir William is hardly used to the lawyers yet.

Lieutenant-Governor Fraser of Nova Scotia was known in politics and in Parliament as "Big Duncan

Fraser" and there are many good campaign stories told of him. A few days ago some Scotch members of the Legislature called at Government House in Halifax and presented an address in Gaelic, to which His Honor replied eloquently in the same tongue. This reminds the Fredericton Herald of an election story told of a contest in Antigonish, the leading stumpers for the rival parties being Governor Fraser and Sir Hibbert Tupper. At a certain meeting in that riding those present were nearly all Scotch Roman Catholics, and Sir Hibbert Tupper made a rousing speech and carried the meeting with him. Fraser followed on behalf of the Liberals, but found that the sympathies of the crowd were against him. Then he began to speak in the Gaelic. Soon a change swept over the crowd, and presently the whole meeting was red-hot for Fraser and the Liberals. Sir Hibbert was helpless. He could not understand a word of Fraser's speech, but had to sit there and look pleasant. It was only some time later that he learned that Fraser in his Gaelic speech had managed to convey to his hearers the impression that Sir Hibbert, while an able man and a statesman of a high order, was an extreme Orangeman. This settled him and his cause. There was a strong slump in favor of the Liberals thereabouts, and the party candidate won.

It is told about an authority in educational affairs, now residing in Hamilton, that when he was made head master of a High school near London, he said to the pupils on his first appearance: "Now, I'm determined to have peace and good order in this school. And I'll have it, if I'm obliged to turn the place inside out and thrash every mother's son." He was an Irishman and he kept both his word and the peace.

In a court in a town of Western Ontario a witness was being questioned as to his conversation with the defendant who had been charged with assault. "He told me to go to the devil," was the aggrieved reply. "What did you say?" "I told him if he talked like that I'd consult a lawyer."

Mr. H. J. Pettypiece, during his term in the Ontario Legislature, was one of the most alert members of the Assembly. Like most journalists, he is a many-sided man. He mastered the question of railway taxation as no one else in the Province has done, and his mind is a most practical one. Yet he has lately broken out in verse, and very good verse at that. Another example of Mr. Pettypiece's versatility is found in a novel offer made by his newspaper, the *Forest Free Press*. A year ago it announced that the paper would be sent one year absolutely free to every bride married within the boundaries of three neighboring townships. The *Free Press* now states that over one hundred brides are on the list, and that they have so appreciated this little wedding gift that the offer is to remain open.

### NEW YORK LETTER

EVERYTHING points to a gradual dissolution of the theatrical season. Such permanent attractions as *Peter Pan*, *Girl From the Golden West*, *The Music Master* and others, are selling seats to June 1, but the only further promise of importance made is another season of four weeks' duration of the Sothern-Marlowe Shakespearean combination, to begin May 28, when revivals of *Hamlet* and *Much Ado About Nothing* are to be added to their former repertoire. This interesting announcement we owe to the misfortune of others. The disaster that befell San Francisco made it necessary to cancel the Western tour of this company, and like ourselves we are to enjoy the luck of the proverbial ill wind.

No new offerings whatever are down for the coming week and only a half-hearted revival here and there will be forthcoming to break the monotony of current events. Among these will be *Trilby*, the meteoric sensation of a decade ago with Wilton Lackaye in his old role of Svengali. A new, if less bewitching, heroine will replace Virginia Harned in the title role, but otherwise the production and cast will be pretty much as it was in the old days.

The theatrical activity of the past week has been concentrated more or less on San Francisco, with very cheering financial results. The monster benefit at the Metropolitan Opera House the other day, whereat was rendered a continuous programme from 11 a.m. to midnight, realized the handsome sum of \$33,000, and had the artistic interest of assembling on one programme many of the local stage celebrities, while others served as gladly in the humbler capacity of distributing programmes and refreshments at bazaar rates. Autograph programmes, for instance, brought a dollar each, and signed photographs as high as five dollars, according to the standing and celebrity of the original. A programme containing the autographs of all the artists whose names appeared thereon, brought, at auction, the very satisfactory price of one thousand dollars. And still we say that interest in the drama is superficial and insincere!

Two important announcements have come from musical quarters during the week, the Philharmonic Society supplying a sensation in this respect in its announcement of the engagement of Safonoff as conductor for a period of three years. Since the society inaugurated the policy of inviting famous foreign conductors to lead its concerts, Safonoff, who has appeared each season, proved himself the public favorite, and in securing his permanent services the society feels that it has found a popular successor to Thomas Seidl. Safonoff is of the emotional type of conductor, the most emotional we have had since Seidl perhaps, and this quality, it appears, is still in public demand. Our appreciation of music, in common with that of the other arts, is still elementary enough to be measured by its effect on the emotions, or, in other words, its moral appeal. But, while Safonoff has proved himself the sympathetic interpreter of modern romantic music he has also shown a sympathetic appreciation of such classical masters as Mozart and Beethoven. The future director is to receive a salary of \$20,000 and the Philharmonic is happy even at the price.

Mr. Oscar Hammerstein returned from Europe the other day equally satisfied with the contracts he has made for the season of grand opera which he is to inaugurate next fall in opposition to Herr Conried and the Metropolitan Opera Company. His array of artists, including, as it does, such celebrities as Edouard de Reszke and Melba, certainly makes him, on paper, a formidable rival of the older organization. Evidently, however, the

masses are not in the reckoning, for Metropolitan prices are to obtain in both.

Mr. Arnold Daly's production of *Arms and the Man* is not only a pronounced artistic success, but is proving a popular success also, second only to the famous run of *You Never Can Tell*. It is a less convincing comedy than *You Never Can Tell*, in fact less convincing and more whimsical than many other of the Shaw comedies we have seen, and a great deal is dragged into the net that is not fish. But, fish or herring, it is Shaw, and therefore interesting. The situations and dialogue are irresistibly funny, with breadth enough for popular delight and of sufficient subtlety to satisfy the most analytical taste.

The advent of a new actress on the scene is always a matter of profound interest, but the appearance of one of the undoubted ability of Miss Florence Roberts, who has just made her New York debut, has furnished theatergoers with something like a sensation. Miss Roberts, thought unknown heretofore in New York (a further example of our provincialism and profound ignorance), is an actress of standing in the West, and comes to us in the full maturity of her dramatic powers. Wise men may have come from the East, but good actresses seem to come from the West; for, like Miss Nance O'Neil, who arrived a year ago, Miss Roberts hails from California and crossed the continent for Broadway honors. While she lacks the pagan richness and elemental strength that distinguishes her contemporary, Miss Roberts has the finer technique and is in every way a more thoroughly schooled and disciplined artist. Critics are unanimous in their praise of her emotional qualities, but equally deplore that no worthy vehicle was found for the display of these talents than *The Strength of the Weak*, a rather melodramatic offering in which the authoress makes a vigorous plea for the moral equality of the sexes.

While excavating for the new railway buildings at Cape Town recently some workmen found a number of the curious old "post-office stones." In years gone by it was the regular practice with the commanders of the English and Dutch East India Companies' fleets to leave a package of letters under large stones on the shore to be taken to Europe by the next home-going fleet. These stones all bear rudely carved "look hereunder for letters." Then follow the names of the commander and of the ship, with the dates of arrival and departure. Three hundred years ago there was, of course no settlement of Europeans on the shores of Table Bay, but our own fleets and those of the Dutch East India Company called there regularly to refresh themselves at the pleasant fountain which once gushed merrily into the sea near the present railway station.—London Daily Mail.

General Baden-Powell's faith in kite-flying for military purposes seems at last to have infected the British War Office, which has shown its appreciation of the possibilities of the kite on a battlefield by deciding to create a new post in the army—namely, the position of "Instructor in Kite-flying for Man-lifting purposes." The salary attached to the appointment is £600. The new development embraces extended facilities for military ballooning. The War Department is at present constructing a new type of airship, the details of which are being rigidly kept secret. Colonel Temple is in charge of the "cruiser," which he hopes to have ready for practical maneuvering experiments in the coming autumn. £10,000 has been set aside for this year's ballooning equipment.

Basing his claim upon an allegation that they conspired for the purpose of depriving him of his means of livelihood and to injure his reputation socially and professionally, James Metcalfe, dramatic critic of *Life*, has begun suit against twenty-seven theatrical managers to recover \$70,000, at which amount he places the personal damages he has sustained. The action grows out of a resolution adopted by the Theatrical Managers' Association of Greater New York last year, whereby Metcalfe was to be barred from all the houses included in the combination. This step on the part of Metcalfe follows upon the criminal proceedings he brought against several of the managers, in which he was sustained by Magistrate Poole of New York.

Prince Pua Isaka Seme, a descendant of the Royal house of Zululand, has just won the George Williams Curtis medal, the highest oratorical honor at Columbia University. The Prince is a member of the class of 1906 in Columbia College, and is specializing in economics. After getting his bachelor's degree from Columbia, Seme will spend three years at Oxford and then return to Zululand, where the position of attorney-general for his people is being held open for him. The subject of his oration was the "Regeneration of Africa."

### The Graduation Essay.

WE fear that the graduation essay is doomed to dusty death. The world is becoming too busy to listen to the rhapsodies and reveries of sweet young creatures whose white muslin gowns and beribboned manuscripts once vied with the bridal attractions of the month of June. A few girls' schools keep up the essay traditions, but most of them are given over to dramatic recitals and physical culture.

Not even the old oaken bucket, covered with moss and swarming with microbes, excited more tender memories than those daintily-written pages, sometimes gilt-edged and always tied with blue ribbon. The subjects were seldom trivial, although one of the girls brought ignominy on her class by descending to a discourse on "Farm Life." A noble army of young women have written glowing paragraphs on "Beyond the Alps Lies Italy" while another fair host have enlarged upon the suggestiveness of "Hitch Your Wagon to a Star." Sometimes an old yellow programme is found with a list of subjects that would provoke a smile from the sophisticated, a sneer from the cynical, "Mementos," "Excelsior," "Per Aspera Ad Astra," "Laborare Est Orare," "The Voice of Nature," "The Mission of Flowers," are some of the titles that indicate the romance which springs eternal in the youthful breast.

Frequently the graduation essay took a biographical turn and here the enthusiasm of the girlish heart was lavished upon Napoleon, Florence Nightingale, Mary Queen of Scots, Sir Walter Raleigh, Joan of Arc, Clive, Garibaldi, and Sir John Moore. Some earnest young persons despised the moderns, and produced garbled passages from the encyclopædia on Julius Caesar, Pompey, Hannibal, Plato, and Alexander the Great. One enterprising pupil wrote a Plutarchian effort on Cleopatra which was censored by the Lady Principal. Curiously enough, the mildest maiden of them all would refuse to write upon the great churchman or the moral reformer and turned inevitably to the soldier who "waded through slaughter to a throne." Napoleon was first favorite and was popularly "The Man of Destiny," although one fervent admirer in a burst of enviable inspiration called him "The Sphinx of Corsica," regardless of the theory that the sphinx is a lady. On a certain occasion a list of characters was suggested, including Wesley, Knox, John Howard, Elizabeth Fry and Wilberforce. But not one of the graduating girls selected a name from this highly desirable company, and two daring spirits actually wrote essays on Peter the Great and Lord Byron, although they foresaw the rejection of their biographical attempts.

But serious as were the lofty and hopeful graduation offerings, the essay which assumed a cynical or melancholy aspect was even more impressive. A girl who was said to have been engaged to a young minister who died of tuberculosis, took as her theme "Cui Bono," and produced twenty foolscap pages of such dreary wails as made Jeremiah seem a frivolous author. Another depressed damsel, eighteen years of age, wrote a screed on "Vanitas Vanitatum" that would not have disgraced Solomon's later style. This young person two years later became the wife of a grocer in a small town and was happy ever after. The lady of "Cui Bono," fame is now fat, forty and flourishing, the wife of a politician whose methods have brought him both notoriety and fortune. But she has the essay carefully put away with a withered bouquet, edged with the lace paper that "went out" with bangs and bustles. She told the story of its composition to a curious group not long ago, and sighed comfortably over the superlative despair of sweet seventeen. Gloriously foolish graduation essays! They were frankly flowery and overwhelmingly sad. With all their faults they were worth writing even though they excited the smiles of indulgent elders who murmured as they listened—"If Youth but knew!"

CANADIENNE.

### The Mauve Madness.

Mauve hats and mauve shoes, mauve gloves with silk clockings, Mauve waist-belts, mauve motors, mauve fans, and mauve stockings, Mauve bows and mauve blouses, mauve chiffons, mauve purses—

The madness for mauve countless victims coerces; So whatever we do it is safe to infer That we're socially in for a "mauve" quart d'heure! —London Truth.

A man who was foreman of President Roosevelt's ranch in Montana has been appointed to a United States Government office. *Harper's Weekly* remarks that this is the first intimation that there was really a limit to the number of men enrolled in that Rough Rider regiment.



Old Woman (awaiting Magistrate's signature to her declaration that she has lost a pawn-ticket)—An awkward thing, yer Honor, to lose a pawn-ticket. Police Superintendent—Sh-h-h! Old Woman (not to be suppressed)—Ahem! It's an awkward thing, yer Honor, to lose a pawn-ticket. Magistrate—My good woman, I never lost one. Old Woman—Ah! Sure, yer Honor, some people are very careful!—Punch.



## June Weddings

In selecting a suitable Wedding Gift your first object is to secure something that is entirely different from what is usually shown in Stores.



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## Society at the Capital.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that at this season of the year the thoughts and energies of a great many of our hostesses are on house-cleaning intent, yet that state of affairs does not appear to very much diminish the number of daily teas and bridge parties, and quite a few dinners and luncheons also came off during the past week, besides two of the largest receptions of the season.

A dinner at Government House, of the variety termed in the Capital "sessional," on Tuesday evening, included about fifty senators and members of Parliament, and another followed on Wednesday evening, at which about the same number enjoyed an exceedingly well arranged menu.

Among the many pleasant gatherings, confined, however, to the sterner sex, which were the outcome of Mr. Andrew Carnegie's visit to the Capital, was a luncheon on Monday, at which Sir Sandford Fleming entertained in honor of the genial Laird of Skibo, when those who had the honor of meeting him were, besides his own fellow travelers: Colonel Hanbury Williams, Hon. N. A. Belcourt, Hon. R. F. Sutherland, Principal Gordon of Queen's University, Kingston, Dr. Klotz, Mr. Fred Cook, Mayor Ellis, Dr. Rutherford, and one or two others.

On Monday Mr. Leslie Macoun was the host of a jolly little dinner at the Golf Club, which was given as a farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Fleming, who left on the following day for the West, and will be all summer in Banff and Calgary. Mr. Macoun's guests on this occasion were Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Boulton, the Misses Elizabeth and Maud Borden, Miss Lemoine, Mr. Appleton and Mr. John Thompson.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Booth's "progressive" dinner on Thursday was in honor of their guest, Miss Lockerby of Montreal. Violets in profusion made exceedingly dainty and effective table decorations, in combination with smilax, and each guest found a boutonniere of the same delicate blossoms laid beside his or her cover. Among those who enjoyed this rather novel little entertainment were Miss Lily Murphy, Miss Hilda Murphy, Miss Mullarkey of New York, Miss Marion Lindsay, Miss Pansy Mills, and her guest, Miss Ardra Drury of Halifax, the Misses Girouard, Mr. Ormond Haycock, Mr. J. McCormac Clarke, Mr. Howard Hutchison, Mr. Arthur Brophy, Mr. Arthur Moore and Mr. George P. Murphy. Miss Bowman of St. John, N.B., arrived in the Capital early in the week with the intention of paying Mr. and Mrs. Fred Booth a visit of some weeks, but was unexpectedly summoned home, and left on Tuesday for St. John, N.B.

Notwithstanding the bright spring weather we have been enjoying, bridge still continues to be sufficiently enticing and fascinating to induce its numerous devotees to spend many afternoons engaged in this pleasant pastime, and as usual a large share of attention is still given to the game of the age.

On Monday Mrs. J. W. Woods gave a delightful afternoon bridge of five or six tables, and at the conclusion of the game several additional guests dropped in to have a cup of tea, when Mrs. Bremner and Mrs. Douglas Cameron presided at the tea and coffee urns. Mrs. W. M. Brophy won the prize, and some of the other guests were: Mrs. F. Cockburn Clemon, Mrs. Wilson Southam, Mrs. Barrett Dewar, Mrs. D'Arcy Scott, Mrs. H. Allan Bate, Mrs. Gerald Bate, Mrs. Harold Pinhey, Mrs. James White, Mrs. Charles Read, and Mrs. Charles Bryson. Another bridge party and tea combined came off on Tuesday afternoon, Mrs. Philpotts and her sister, Miss Moylan, being the hostesses. Magnificent American Beauty roses, carnations, and delicious mignonnets were used generously throughout the different rooms, and eight tables of guests enjoyed a very interesting game, the prizes being carried off by Mrs. Charles Read and Miss Madge Robertson of St. John, N.B. Miss Elsie Smith and Miss Muriel Burrows poured the tea and coffee, and about thirty more guests came in at the tea-hour.

Mrs. George Thompson was another of the week's bridge hostesses, and chose Tuesday also to entertain at this popular game for her sister, Mrs. Phillips, of Los Angeles, California. Her guests included Mrs. C. W. MacBeth, Mrs. Lyons of Baltimore, Mrs. H. Allan Bate, Mrs. T. C. Bate, Mrs. Lindsay, Mrs. Jefferson Chapleau, Mrs. Robert Pringle, Mrs. Roberts Allan, Mrs. Brophy, Mrs. A. E. Frapp, Mrs. Charles Moore, Mrs. James MacLaren, and Mrs. G. B. Greene.

Lady Davies' reception on Wednesday afternoon, although in a large sense a "sessional" one, and very largely attended, was not too crowded to be thoroughly enjoyable. Six hundred guests had been invited and over one half that number were present. The hostess, gowned in a very pretty pale grey silk, with touches of black velvet, was assisted in receiving by her daughter, Miss Gertrude Davies, who wore a very becoming gown of old-blue crepe de Chine. Sir Louis Davies was present, and made a most untiring assistant to the bright young girls who attended to the refreshments, which were served from a table in the dining-room, laden with pretty bunches of pale pink carnations and marguerites.

Mrs. Fielding, wife of the Minister of Finance, followed on Wednesday evening with an equally large reception, her invitations being, however, (Concluded on Next Page.)

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The second lot is a Sheer Silk Finished Mull, beautifully embroidered in dainty figures, designs, and spots, 30 inches wide, in all colors, including white. These qualities should really be sold at 75c. a yard, but to clear the entire lot out, we will sell them on Monday at a yard, 50c.

Out of town customers should send at once for samples, which we will forward by return mail so that no disappointments may occur on account of goods being sold out.

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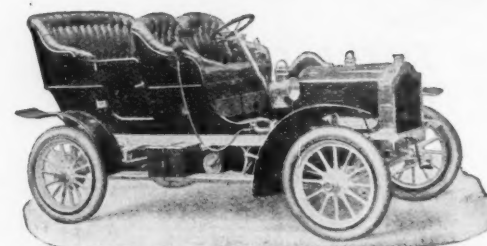
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You don't need a 20-h.p. engine to deliver 16-h.p. at the wheels. You don't wear out parts because of dirt getting in bearings. With three speeds, you always have your engine running at the proper speed to give the best results with least expense.

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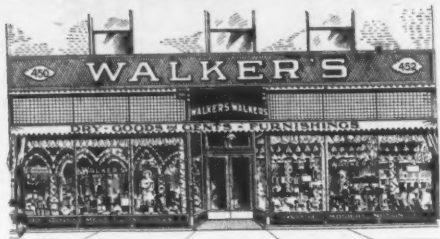
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**Society at the Capital.**

confined to the cabinet ministers, senators, members of Parliament, deputy ministers, and Parliamentary officials in general, with their respective wives and daughters. Flowers of all varieties were abundant throughout the rooms and halls, and an orchestra stationed in the main hall played on and off during the evening. Card tables were provided for those who cared for a game of bridge, and many guests contributed most charming vocal solos. Mrs. Fielding wore a handsome black silk gown, trimmed with cut steel and sequins; Miss Fielding's costume was of pale blue pleated chiffon, with touches of pink on the bodice; Miss Flossie Fielding was in green and white chiffon, with pink roses in her hair; Miss Edith Fielding was most daintily and becomingly gowned in pale blue muslin; and Miss Zillah Fielding was all in white.

A large tea at Mrs. Fred White's in Besserer street on Thursday was given by the Misses Isobel and Dorothy White in honor of two very popular Toronto girls who have been persuaded to extend their visit in Ottawa, Miss Frances Heron and Miss Frances Thompson. Mrs. James MacLaren and Miss Claire McCullough, assisted by Miss Katherine Moore and Miss Lillias Ahearn, attended to the material needs of the many guests, who included all the brightest and prettiest of the girls and young matrons of the Capital. Mrs. White wore a becoming gown of mauve cloth, Miss Isobel White wearing pale green, and Miss Dorothy looked exceedingly stunning in pale blue Louise, with touches of silver and pink.

Invitations have been received by many leading society people for a ball, to be given at "Ravenscrag," Montreal, by Sir Montague and Lady Allan, on May 8th, during the Prince's visit and Horse Show week. Colonel and Mrs. Hanbury Williams will be members of the house party, and Miss Mary Fitzpatrick will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Allan. Other Ottawans who will go to Montreal for the Horse Show are Miss Aurelia Hughson and Dr. and Mrs. Webster, Mrs. A. B. Aylesworth, and Captain Trotter.

**THE CHAPERONE.**

Ottawa, May 7th, 1906.

**Royal Canadian Academy of Arts.**

At the annual meeting of the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts, held in the National Gallery at Ottawa, the following officers were elected: President, G. A. Reid, R.C.A., Toronto; vice-president, A. C. Hutchinson, R.C.A., Montreal; members of council for 1906 and 1907, Hamilton MacCarthy, R.C.A., and F. Brownell, R.C.A., Ottawa; A. H. Howard, R.C.A., F. M. Bell-Smith, R.C.A., F. S. Challenor, R.C.A., A. D. Patterson, R.C.A., and Gustav Hahn, R.C.A., Toronto; Philippe Herbert, R.C.A., John Hammond, R.C.A., J. C. Pinhey, R.C.A., William Hope, R.C.A., and E. Dyonnet, R.S.C., Montreal.

The rector was showing us through the Sabbath school. "And where is the infant class?" we thoughtlessly inquired. "Ours is a very fashionable congregation," sighed the good man in reply. "Alas, we have no infants."—Louisville "Courier-Journal!"

**Not for Daily Wear.**

King Edward's crown is not the most costly in the world, but by virtue of its old and glorious associations it is the most valuable Royal relic known. It weighs forty ounces. In front of it is a ruby measuring two inches in length, which has been valued at £110,000. Without mentioning this ruby or a huge sapphire which is in the center of the cross-patée at the top, the crown contains four rubies, eleven emeralds, sixteen sapphires, 277 pearls, and 2,783 diamonds.

The first orb is called the King's orb, and is set with 266 diamonds, 511 pearls, eighteen rubies, nine emeralds and seven sapphires. The Queen's orb, as the second orb is called, is smaller, and not so valuable. It was made for the Coronation of William and Mary.

The sceptre, one of five in the possession of the Sovereign, is of gold, ornamented with colored enamel, and set with precious stones in the pommel. The stones consist of 301 diamonds, twenty-five rubies, twelve emeralds and eight sapphires. It cost for gold, jewels, and workmanship, £1,025.

**The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.**

**Births.**

COLLARD—At Stouffville, to Mrs. G. Collard, a daughter.

BURRAGE—Toronto, May 5, Mrs. W. C. Burrage, a daughter.

HARRY—Toronto, May 5, Mrs. R. A. Harry, a daughter.

STRATHY—Toronto, May 5, Mrs. Arthur Gowan Strathy, a son.

TURNER—Toronto, May 8, Mrs. H. E. Turner, a daughter.

**Marriages.**

SHAW—CONRAD—New York, May 8, Cecilia Margaret Conrad to Edwin LeRoy Shaw.

CAREY—SOMERVILLE—Santa Rosa, California, May 1, Margaret Rodgers Somerville to Brock Carey.

**Deaths.**

JEFFERS—Toronto, May 10, Emmeline Sturgis, widow of the late Thomas Jeffers, aged 83 years.

BERTRAM—Toronto, May 5, Douglas Hope Bertram, aged 22 years.

COLE—Toronto, May 8, Leofric Frithwald Cole, aged 17 years.

JAMES—Toronto, May 9, Mrs. Mary Jane Jennings James, aged 58 years.

LANGTON—Toronto, May 9, Mrs. Thomas Langton.

McVEAN—Toronto, May 5, William McVean, aged 69 years.

STEINBERGER—Toronto, May 8, Frederick G. Steinberger, aged 49 years.

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